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INDIAN STATESMEN AND ENGLISH SCRIBBLERS.

WE trust that Mr. WILLOUGHBY, or any other Indian statesman who may have an opportunity of addressing the public, will not be deterred by the impertinence of a few London scribes from enlightening that general ignorance of India which recent events threaten to convert into complacent assurance. The comparative inactivity of East Indians, as respects both tongue and pen, is much to be lamented, and would be inexplicable except by reference to the moral shock which many of them have received. It is said that a man who has experienced an earthquake never feels again the confidence which he once had in anything human or divine. The crust of the earth, the type of all stability, has shaken under his feet, and he has henceforward no standard of solid steadfastness to which his thoughts can adjust themselves. Those who were best acquainted with one of the most symmetrical administrative organizations that the world has ever seen, are perhaps utterly confounded by the sudden dissolution of an army which was an integral part of it. It is only the highest minds which can rest calmly assured that, prodigious as is the flaw which has disclosed itself in their knowledge, that knowledge is still greater than the omniscience of men who a year ago would have had a difficulty in finding Cawnpore on the map. It is true that, in the present temper of the public mind, nothing that Mr. WILLOUGHBY, or anybody who knows as much as he does, can say about India, has the least chance of being palatable. Mr. WILLOUGHBY, at Leominster, ventured to dismiss the popular theories of the mutiny, one after another, as untenable. It was impossible he should do otherwise. An Indian statesman knows that India has not been misgoverned. He knows that, whatever may have been the influence of the preaching Colonels, the exertions of the regular missionaries were not generally resented by the natives. He knows that the alleged Mahometan conspiracy must be narrowed to the chronic disaffection of a small number of Mussulmans. He knows that enough has been said about the indiscipline of the Bengal army, and the removal of its officers to civil duty. He knows that the Sepoys resented the annexation of Oude by Lord DALHOUSIE, about as much as they did the humiliation of SCINDIAH and HOLKAR by the two WELLESLEYS. He calls the panic which the cartridges excited a species of insanity; and there ends his explanation. This is gall and wormwood to the thousands who have pocket-theories of the mutiny; and, even to the hundreds who distrust their own impressions, it has the unpleasant look of giving up a riddle. Yet has not this suggestion the probabilities in its favour? The revolt is assuredly the product of two sets of causes. On the one hand, something must certainly be attributed to those agencies which have been exclusively attended to in England—on the other, we must take into account the mysterious idiosyncrasy of the Hindoo. The greater a man's familiarity with India, the stronger will be his inclination to depreciate the first-mentioned instrumentalities, and to fix his attention on the last. But a life spent in India is not absolutely essential to our understanding the reason why. Why should we deny that the Hindoo is a being barely intelligible to us? Look at our own case. A poor four or five hundred years of insular civilization has made us a people by ourselves—a separate moral aggregate—*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*—a proverb among our neighbours for eccentricity, and a marvel for success in objects unattainable to them. Why should we, of all nations, affect not to believe that there may be an utter dissonance of moral tone, and a completely different balance of the passions, in a people which, for every century that we reckon, can count a thousand years of isolated existence—a people whose religion was archaic when Greek paganism was in its infancy, and whose civilization

was already at its decrepitude when ALEXANDER the GREAT marched upon the Indus?

Even though we may be unable, except when endowed with some of the rarest of faculties, to place ourselves in contact with the mental position of the Hindoo, we might be expected to correct, by the help of our own experience, some of the ineffable nonsense which is current about India. The most exclusive and oligarchical of communities might surely appreciate such an institution as Caste, and see through the absurdity of the popular plans for disregarding it. What is Caste but a social arrangement, with a Divine sanction superadded? The old notion of the divine right of kings is exactly the idea which lies at the foundation of Caste. The Monarch, on a principle once adhered to by three parts of England, was regarded not simply as *de facto* the highest civil magistrate, but as ordained of God to his dignity, and invested with a sanctity which he could not himself strip off, and which it would be wickedness in others to break in upon. This very conception, transferred to every order of society—to priests, soldiers, nobles, and tradesmen—gives us precisely the caste-system of India. We in our day have perhaps little enough sympathy with it; but, knowing as we do that the great-grandfathers of some living men would have cursed their descendants if they had supposed them capable of denying that one particular civil institution was ordained of God, why should we deem it monstrous that a distant people should look upon all institutions as having the like divine commission? Setting aside the supposed supernatural sanction, there is still no reason why the Hindoo's devotion to his caste should be an enigma to us. Englishmen, at all events, ought to be aware that exclusiveness may amount to a mania. Fifty English gentlemen in a club, fifty English ladies in a county-neighbourhood, will ostracise the rest of the human race. If we had a corps, like the Russian Chevaliers-Gardes, recruited from persons who had at the least an "Honourable" before their names, we should have something very like a mutiny if we intruded a *parvenu* upon them—we should have a mutiny outright, if we forced upon them some point of discipline which involved corruption of blood. And yet, when a morbid susceptibility is evinced by soldiers who hold that loss of status not only degrades them but damns them, we insist that the scruple is a hollow pretext, and that there must be some frightful plot behind.

The language of a portion of the London press on the subject of Indian statesmen is disgraceful to the writers, and utterly destructive of interests which they pretend to have at heart. We are not speaking of the *Times*, which, though it has somewhat departed from its recent sobriety of tone, still writes in a way not unworthy of the crisis and of its own character. But there are some of our contemporaries who talk about Indian matters with a smirking superficiality which makes the blood run cold. Did ever journalistic impudence go further than in assuring us, as if it were a bit of special private information, that the Vellore mutiny was got up by the sons of TIPPOO SULTAN, and proclaiming that the best men in Leadenhall-street are only worth replying to because they occupy an official position? To such critics, a public servant exercised in Indian Government is only a "wise man from the East," or a "British Brahmin." It never strikes them that they are speaking of statesmen whose field of operation has been practically wider than that of European diplomacy. This very Mr. WILLOUGHBY, whom we shall doubtless have them pooh-poohing, is the person who suppressed infanticide in Western India; and surely, the feat of delivering some millions of men from hereditary criminality inflicted on them by insane family pride, is as good a title to fame as "making small speeches on great subjects," which appears to be the royal road to a public reputation at home. But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the treatment of

the Indian question by these writers is their stolid blindness to its bearing on the Red-tape and Circumlocution theory. The very men who, three years ago, clamoured at the tail of the *Times* that the middle class of Englishmen were aliens in their own country, shut out from their just share in its government by the greedy exclusiveness of the aristocracy, are now insisting that the middle classes should be removed from the only field in which they have essayed their capacity for administrative action. Whether the middle classes can govern at all must be proved or disproved by the character of Anglo-Indian policy. In the East, they have had the country to themselves. They founded the empire by their enterprise, and extended it by their arms. They have supplied the immense majority of its generals, and all but two or three of its statesmen. They still administer it with barely a nobleman or a nobleman's son among them. And now the very persons who were for giving them England to rule are making a proverb of "Indian misgovernment." We suppose that, if anybody can find pleasure in this suicidal folly of the professional agitators, it ought to be the writers in this *Journal*. It is pretty well known that we did our best to decry the movement of two years since. We called it unwise, ignorant, precipitate, and barely honest. What better justification could we look for than that which is furnished us by the rump of the Administrative Reformers, who are for taking India out of the hands of the middle class, and making it over to the connections of great noblemen with great interest, to venal lawyers, to the hacks of Parliament, and to the underlings of political clubs?

PROTECTIONISM IN AMERICA.

IT seems very strange that what is undeniable truth in one country should not be truth, or at least not recognised as such, in another. Here are England and America, using the same language, in constant communication with each other, intimately acquainted with every detail of their mutual commercial affairs, and yet as wide as the poles asunder in their perceptions of the first principles of commercial policy. We take it quite as a matter of course that the despotic Governments of the Continent should be at odds with us in their theories of trade, as in everything else. We smile without the least mixture of astonishment at their estimates of English astuteness, and their sincere, though absurd, unbelief in the principles by which our commercial legislation has, for the last ten years at least, been uniformly regulated. The great calico conspiracy, which is to enslave the Continent by compelling its unhappy inhabitants to dress in the produce of English looms, is, in the eyes of nearly all Europe, a fact to be believed in as devoutly as the holiest verities of the Christian faith. We are content to submit to this until such time as common sense shall enlighten the darkness and dispel the jealousy which make our country utterly unintelligible to Continental politicians. But why should America persist in misunderstanding us and ignoring the scientific truths which have guided our policy, and ought to guide hers? Her citizens are not wanting in shrewdness, and in private affairs think themselves something more than a match for the Britishers. Yet, on the great question of Free Trade, they are so blinded by jealousy of the position to which the old country has attained, that there is no fallacy too childish to win their assent, if only it recommends a course of action unfavourable to British interests.

The battle of Free Trade was indeed uphill work for us. The experiment had never been tried. The interests of the dominant classes were threatened, if not endangered, by it; but the truth prevailed here by its own strength, though not before it had won many a genuine convert from the class to which it presented the most formidable aspect. The experiment has been tried now for more than ten years, in the face of the world, and all who choose can see that the apprehended dangers have proved to be imaginary, and that the glorious harvest of prosperity which has followed has transcended the most sanguine anticipations of those to whom we owe the recognition of the truth which has so well served us. America sees all this; and the comments of the great majority of her merchants are, we believe, just what appeared a few days ago in the *Times*, in the shape of a well-written but utterly mistaken article from the *Philadelphia Evening Journal*. Instead of drawing from our success an encouragement to imitate our policy, the very figures which confirm, by practical demonstration, the principles already established by economical science, are cited as evidence of the wisdom of

the exploded Protectionism from which we are happily delivered for ever. It is true that, in spite of national prepossessions and jealousies, the American writer does not venture to condemn altogether and unconditionally the doctrine under the influence of which we have enjoyed so marked a prosperity. He does not say that Free Trade principles are an entire delusion, as our own Protectionists used to maintain but a few years ago. The facts have been too strong to allow so blatant a heresy as this to survive in any corner of the world; but the argument of the Americans, though somewhat less bold, is not less opposed to any practical improvement in their commercial policy. Free Trade, they say, is good, but not good for them. The great advance in our exports from 80,000,000*l.* half a dozen years ago to 120,000,000*l.* in 1856—or, as it might more strongly be put, from 50,000,000*l.* in the last year of Protection to 140,000,000*l.* in the current year—is attributed by American sagacity, not to our policy since 1846, but to the preliminary course of restrictive tariffs and Protectionist legislation, in spite of which our foreign trade slowly struggled up in about a century to little more than one-third of its present amount. We are told that the British people have risen from a situation of abject dependence on the productive ingenuity of their neighbours to an undisputed ascendancy in commerce, and that if they are able to embrace, in all its latitude, the policy of Free Trade, the ability to do so is the fruit of the protective restrictions which served to guard the manufacturing energies of the kingdom in the process of development.

This is the theory which pervades the whole of the Transatlantic Whig party, and something like a majority of the American people. The inference of course is, that the United States, being at present in the infantile stage of mercantile development, ought to hold by the Protectionist policy to which we are supposed to be so much indebted. It is very difficult to convince people who insist upon taking up perverse views of facts. If the Americans will pertinaciously attribute the great rush of trade which followed the destruction of Protection to the policy which had just been abolished, they simply put themselves out of the pale of argument—so far, at least, as an appeal to facts is concerned. And yet, even without the example we have given them, they ought surely to be able to see how shallow are the notions on which all exclusive mercantile legislation is built. The *Philadelphia* paper actually appeals to the fact that, with the existing sufficiently restrictive tariff, the artisans of Belgium, France, and England, can undersell the manufacturers of the United States in their own markets. The inference is conclusive, that, for the present at least, manufacturing is not the portion of the world's work allotted by Nature to a country like America. A nation possessed of more land than it can reclaim for a century to come, and where every labourer has a thousand temptations to leave his forge or his loom and try the prospects of a settlement in the backwoods, never can compete in cheapness with an overcrowded country, where a man will gladly work twelve hours a day or more to earn his daily bread. If American looms are unable to vie with ours, it is not because her manufacturers are less able than their rivals, but because she has more profitable and better work ready to her hand. This ought to be a source of satisfaction; and one would expect to see her cultivating with all her energies the manufacture of food, in which neither England nor any other country can think of rivalling her. If she only considered what was most profitable to herself, she would not, by restrictive tariffs, enhance the price of commodities in daily use, and tempt workmen away from a field where they can produce more than any European labourer can hope for, to another in which they are confessedly unable to come up to the lower standard of production with which an older country is obliged to be content.

But, in truth, America has not so much doubted economical maxims as set them aside. Probably the staunchest advocates of Protection know that their country is paying an annual tax to support the idle boast that they can maintain manufactures in spite of the rivalry of England. They must be aware that the same energy would bring in double the produce, if it were bestowed on the tracts of unploughed land which form the bulk of the American territory; but all these considerations are thrust aside to gratify the ambition of becoming what no modern nation ever will become—a self-sustained and independent people, without a tie of interest to bind it to the outer world. It is not ignorance and false doctrine which makes America Protec-

tionist, but the morbid craving for a position from which she may defy the world to shake her prosperity. Happily for the cause of peace, this is a desire which no country can gratify. The commercial independence which is the dream of a large party in the United States would, if achieved, be but a retrograde step towards the exclusive policy which is recognised nowhere but in China and Japan. Nations that would form a part of the civilization of the world cannot be independent of each other's assistance. The very essence of our Free Trade policy is the acknowledgment that we must rely on other people for many things which are indispensable to our existence. As yet, America shrinks from entering the brotherhood of mutual assistance, and is too proud to bear without chafing the sense of dependence which is suggested by the use of foreign manufactures. We, on the contrary, are too proud to be annoyed at it, and are quite content to accept what our neighbours are able to offer to us in return for the commodities which they are obliged to seek in our markets. We have not the least doubt that America must ultimately come to our way of thinking; but the obstacle is one of feeling, and not of ignorance, and is on that account the more difficult to overcome. You may argue a man out of a mistake, but jealousy can be cured by time alone; and America cannot be expected to espouse a Free Trade policy until her enlightened citizens learn to shave with a British razor without feeling riled at the superiority of the foreign instrument.

MUTINY NOT REBELLION.

THE various theories which are being propounded respecting Indian administration, and the vehemence with which they are propounded, sufficiently prove what would be the fate of our great dependency if, instead of being governed through a special department, it were to be placed in direct subjection to a popular assembly representing the conflict and the alternating ascendancy of different opinions and parties in this nation. Some accuse our past timidity as the source of all our present disasters, and are for ruling, after the fashion of the Mogul Emperors, with the strong hand. Others, on the contrary, accuse our want of scrupulous deference for the prejudices of the native auxiliaries through whose arms the country has been mainly held. One party sees the main, if not the sole cause, and a considerable justification, of the mutiny, in the folly of a Government which has identified itself, in however slight a degree, with the object of religious conversion. Another party regards that which has befallen us as a direct and manifest judgment of Heaven upon our neglect to use our political power in India for those missionary purposes for which alone it has been placed by Providence in our hands. Most of us are for treating our Indian Empire as a great trust, to be administered for the benefit of the millions subject to our sway, and with a view gradually to extend to them the blessings of European morality and civilization. Some of us, on the contrary, propose to regard the Indian Empire as a property, and to make its soil the fief, and its hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants the serfs, of a high Norman aristocracy, consisting of the resident merchants and of lawyers who have found it desirable to escape from the severe competition of the English bar. These views might prevail by turns through the House of Commons as the strength of parties varied and as Administrations changed. One mail might bring out an order to advance natives to places of trust and promote them to the bench of justice—the next might bring an order to reduce the native again to his proper position as a slave of the conquering caste, and to exclude from the courts of law even the language which is intelligible to him. A tolerant Parliament might send out a Governor-General charged to make the strictest toleration the rule of all his conduct. Under a crusading Parliament, a cargo of crosses and missionaries might arrive in the Hooghly, with instructions to erect the former and instal the latter in every temple in Hindostan. The result of such alternations on a people which would not hear the arguments of our Parliament or press, or follow the variations of our opinions, is not difficult to foresee.

It is not, however, so much our object at present to point to these consequences of a direct government of a Hindoo population at the other side of the world through the majority, for the time being, of the English House of Commons, as to recal to mind the fact that, however natural it may be that people should take this opportunity of broaching general views of Indian Government—however becoming

it may be that we should solemnly recollect before the Great Bestower of our power what our use of that power has been, and should confess our shortcomings—the present crisis is not one which, properly speaking, brings into question our general system of Indian government. It is not a rebellion of India, but a mutiny of the Bengal army. It has nothing of a national character, nothing that accuses the policy of England towards the Indian people. The sweepings of the Bengal gaoles, the rabble of Delhi, and the personal ambition of one or two petty Princes have been drawn into the vortex of sedition, but the country in general remains submissive. The name of the puppet Mogul has been used, not as a standard of national independence, but of plunder. The mutinous troops are aliens to us in race, and enemies in religion, otherwise they would not have mutinied; and this lends to their revolt a colour of nationality, and seems to exalt mutiny to the dignity of rebellion. But they are not the nation, nor is their cause the cause of the nation, nor have they carried with them the heart of the nation. The rebels are the army only, and they are the army only of Bengal. In the other Presidencies, our administrative system still stands firm, and, with more than Roman energy, holds a vast alien population through an alien army whose ears are ringing with the sounds of the fall of Cawnpore, and the sack of Delhi.

We do not deny that the mutiny suggests grave reflections as to the Indian department of our Government, and especially as to the relations now existing between the India House and the Board of Control. Nor do we deny that, in a nation or a system of government, all things in a certain sense hang together, and everything that happens to a part for good or evil reflects, to a certain extent, credit or discredit on the whole. Nevertheless, a military mutiny is a different thing, and a thing of totally different significance, from a national revolution. A military mutiny accuses what is not denied to have existed in this case—error or mismanagement in the military department; but a national revolution accuses the universal corruption and mal-administration of the State. A Brahmin and Rajpoot army, superior from its moral and physical qualities in the field, has, from those same qualities, proved less subordinate and less faithful, and has seized the opportunity afforded by the withdrawal of our European forces for other wars, and the occasion presented by the unwise severities practised at Meerut, to rise against us, to massacre, and to plunder. Armies unequal in moral and physical qualities to the Brahmins and Rajpoots, and therefore perhaps inferior to them in the field, have proved more subordinate, and remained faithful. That is the great fact before us, and the fact from which our immediate lesson is to be drawn. The dangerous but seductive system of maintaining and pampering a high-caste army for the sake of its martial spirit, is the head and front of our offending, as disclosed by the present crisis. That is all we have to confess before the world—that is the whole of the burden which we have to bear in our consciences—that is the only self-accusing thought that need paralyse our arms as we rush to extinguish the flames of this revolt. We have not denied that a connexion must exist in this, as in all cases, between the local disaster and the general administration. A connexion far more obvious existed between the incomparably more dangerous mutiny at the Nore and the general defects of the English constitution of that day. But the English people did not change their constitution, or prostrate themselves as criminals before the world, on account of the mutiny at the Nore.

There is no reason to regret that the nation has been startled into a general consciousness of its Indian responsibilities. There is no reason to regret that the question of religious propagandism has been fairly raised in the public mind, and that our Indian Executive may henceforth be duly warned whether it is or is not to use its political and military power for the extension of the Anglican creed, and whether our principles of government in a dependency are to be those of SOMERS and HALIFAX, or those of HYDER and TIPPOO. Nor can we lament that the would-be colonial oligarchy of Hindostan should have been encouraged, by the momentary feeling of public resentment against the natives, frankly to demand that there should be no government in India but a feudal council erected in their own favour, no laws but theirs, no justice but in their tongue; and that they should thus have compelled England to decide whether we are henceforth to use India as the property of our lawyers and merchants, or as a great moral trust held by us for the

civilization of the world. We rejoice that the heart of the nation has been stirred and its thoughts quickened—that it has heard the mind of its statesmen and its prelates, of its soldiers and its moralists, and acquired knowledge which it overlooked before on this great and neglected theme. We rejoice, above all, that England has sought the source of wiser counsels and higher purposes for the future in closer communion with the Author of all that is wise and high in the heart of man. But we are not disposed to bow the head of our country lower than, in truth and justice, it need be bowed before her envious and exulting foes. We are not disposed gratuitously to own to the absolutist and the ultramontanist, that India stands, after a hundred years of British rule, a monument of the crimes and follies which attend the accursed government of the free. We say that the founders and rulers of our Indian Empire (whose fame the world will not separate from ours, even if we will) have, on the whole, been great men and benefactors to their kind—that their work has, on the whole, been good and great—that they have given the Hindoo British justice in place of Mogul tyranny, and turned anarchy into law—and that if they have not corrupted the essence of Christianity by propagating it by the civil power or by the sword, they have, by their victorious arms, and their no less victorious counsels, opened and secured its path from Cape Comorin to Lahore. And we say again, that the Bengal army is not the Indian people—that it has mutinied, not rebelled—that it has mutinied, not in consequence of our follies or our crimes, but from its own insolence, from its own ingratitude, from its own murderous and devilish lusts—and that it has thereby deserved that “justice, and stern justice,” without “undue leniency,” which it will meet, and which perhaps, ere now, it has met, from the representatives and administrators of a Government incomparably the best that the East ever knew.

MR. MILL'S BANKING THEORY.

IT would have been strange if a political economist so clear and logical as Mr. JOHN STUART MILL had been found to have entangled himself in the fanciful doctrines which have been set up in opposition to the common-sense view that gold is dear when it is scarce, and that Free Trade is sure, in the end, to bring it from the countries where it is cheap to those where it chances to be dear. Though Mr. MILL, in common with Mr. NEWMARCH and others, is dissatisfied with the Banking legislation of Sir ROBERT PEEL, he is proof against the temptation to support his objections by questioning the first principles of the science to which he has been so able a contributor. There is none of the mystery and hocus-pocus about his arguments which are so common with speculators on this class of subjects; and with the exception of one remarkable error, which lies on the confines of fact and theory, and which we shall presently notice, he is as sound on the pure philosophy of the currency as Lord OVERSTONE himself. He is above most of the vulgar paradoxes, and his attack on the Bank Act is founded, not so much on any misconception of its nature, as on a certain Utopian idea of what it would be possible for discreet Directors, if relieved from its restrictions, to effect.

Mr. MILL's most serious complaint against the present law is, that it allows the Bank rate of interest to respond with the utmost sensitiveness to every change in the market value of money—or, to use his own words, “that under the Act the Bank is obliged to follow the variations in the rate of interest much more closely than it otherwise would do.” There is no doubt that, if this is a thing to be deprecated, the Act of 1844 is bad both in its principle and its operation. The express aim of its framers was to regulate the issue of notes by a law which should afford us all the economy, and, what is much more important, all the convenience of paper issues, and at the same time suffer the market to vary in precisely the same way as if our only money were gold, and our only law the *laissez faire* maxim of absolute Free Trade. If it be true that variations in the markets are the means by which any defect or excess in the supply of commodities is corrected, it seems to follow that the more delicate the market is, the more frequent, and therefore the less violent, will be its fluctuations, and the more perfectly will the duty of compensation be performed. The corn market is in a state of perpetual oscillation; and we are in the habit of regarding the fact with some complacency, as the best possible evidence of the perfect efficiency of the principle of Free Trade in ministering to our wants in proportion to the abundance of food, and in

enforcing economy, and at the same time gathering in additional stores, when our own granaries are scantily filled. Ingenious Protectionists used to say that there were many better ways of keeping the price of bread equable than this rough natural law of Free Trade. The famous Sliding Scale was one of these clever devices, and if any artificial machinery could have preserved an approximately uniform price of corn, that would have done it. But it would not work, and it not only swelled the average price, which it was meant to raise, but it increased the fluctuations which it was intended to prevent. There was another mode of dealing with the food of a nation so as to equalize the supply in years of plenty and years of famine, which was in its time very serviceable. JOSEPH's plan of storing up the corn of Egypt in preparation for an expected dearth, was the obvious and rational resource in the early days of the world, when locomotion was limited to short distances and light loads. Two average harvests are of course preferable to a glut, followed by a dearth, and a self-dependent nation can only keep up an average supply by storing the plenty of one year to eke out the scarcity of another. We obtain our average in another way. We look to space rather than time to protect us; and instead of drawing on former savings we trust to the harvests of so many different countries, that we run less risk of violent fluctuations than we should do under the most perfect system of Government storehouses that any PHARAOH ever imagined.

All this may seem to have little enough to do with Mr. MILL and the Bank, but, in truth, it furnishes an exact parallel to his suggestions. Mr. MILL, we dare say, would not recommend that the Home Office should be turned into a granary, from which corn might be supplied below the market rate whenever the harvest ran short. But he does recommend that the Bank should be used in the same way, as a great storehouse of money, to be filled up to the roof in seasons of plenty, and to mitigate hard times by the abundance of its golden streams. What he proposes is, that the issue of notes should be left to the unfettered discretion of the Bank Directors, and that it should be their settled policy to accumulate a hoard of gold in easy times, by maintaining their own rate of discount at four per cent., or some such rate, even though money could be got much cheaper in the general market. In other words, he would have the Bank suspend all commercial advances whenever the natural rate of interest fell below the arbitrary standard he has selected. Let us suppose, with Mr. MILL, that the effect of this would be to form an enormous hoard of bullion at Threadneedle-street whenever easy rates had prevailed for any length of time. Mr. MILL's scheme for the employment of these accumulations draws largely upon the supposed discretion of the management. He tells us—and, we think, correctly enough—that in the early period of a drain caused by over speculation, the Bank Act has a most wholesome operation by applying a check so promptly as to obviate the ultimate necessity of measures of excessive stringency. In such a case, he would, under his own *régime*, rely on the wisdom of the Directors to do, without compulsion, exactly what the automatic system of the issue department compels them to do now. But there are other periods when he conceives that the Bank might advantageously be allowed to control the market which it is now content to follow. Besides the really dangerous drains which result from excessive speculation, and which, if unchecked, may go on till they bring about a national crash, there are other drains of a more temporary and limited kind. A deficient harvest or a little war may carry out of the country a certain portion of bullion, and, under the mechanical working of the Act, the rate of interest rises, and the gold is brought back by the same indiscriminating process which Mr. MILL allows to be so serviceable at the beginning of a period of inflated credit. It is obvious that the action on the market produced by any temporary cause can never be very serious; but Mr. MILL thinks that there is, in such cases, no need for any disturbance in the rate of interest at all, and that the Bank ought to be allowed to tide over the difficulty by maintaining its old terms, and keeping the discount markets below their natural rate by flooding them with the wealth that it is supposed to have gathered before the drain came on. Of course, if the not infallible Governor and Directors mistook what was really the commencement of a continuous for a merely transitory drain, this policy would be most disastrous; but then, on Mr. MILL's plan, the Bank is never to make a mistake, but is expected always, with consummate skill, to rig the markets in the interests of commerce.

Now, there are two fatal objections to this policy. One is, that it is by no means easy to pronounce whether a derangement of the money-market will prove to be temporary or permanent; and, even if it were, there is no certainty that the Bank would always act with infallible discretion. Mr. MILL is ready to place implicit confidence in the Directors; but it is a curious fact that both the present and the late Governor have declared that they would rather be without so large a responsibility, and that they find in the Act a support with which they would not willingly dispense. But, assuming the most absolute wisdom in the councils of the Bank, the plan would still fail. It is quite true that a Government store, whether of bullion, or anything else, may be used to control the markets, and may promise, during any brief disturbance of supply, to keep the current rates free from material change. But the storehouse system and the Free-trade system won't work together. You may rely on one or the other, but you can't have both. Free Trade is a jealous principle, and will refuse to help us if it is not trusted to the utmost. Any attempt to supplement it by a reserve with which to dominate over the markets, will destroy its action altogether. The plan was tried in Ireland in 1846, when a stock of corn was secretly imported by the Government, to meet the expected famine. The result was, that the natural action of commerce was paralysed; and, had not the strongest assurances been given that the experiment should not be repeated, every quarter of wheat that the Government could have collected in the next year would have frightened away ten quarters that would otherwise have come in through private hands. In the same way, if the Bank Directors held the market in their hands by force of an accumulated stock of bullion to be used at their discretion, no one would venture to import gold at a time when the market required it, lest the arbitrary action of the Bank should spoil his calculations and turn the transaction to a loss. The Bank might possibly, on Mr. MILL's plan, have a quantity of spare coin with which to face the commencement of a crisis; but all this and more would be wanted merely to fill the void created by the knowledge that so powerful an engine was ready at any instant to defeat the calculations and thwart the precautions of importers. However large the reserve might be, it would be certain at a pinch to fall short of the amount which an unfettered commerce would otherwise introduce. For ourselves, we have unlimited faith in the restorative action of Free Trade, and no faith at all in any device which, promising to equalize the markets by other means, destroys the very life of the commerce which it is intended to assist.

We believe that we have fairly stated the essence of Mr. MILL's Banking policy, and the considerations which seem to us conclusive against it; but there is one other argument which sounds strangely from Mr. MILL's mouth, and seems to need very little refutation. He contends that the Bank Act doubles the pressure of every demand for bullion—that a drain of 1,000,000*l.*, for example, is first taken in notes out of the Banking reserve, which is weakened to that extent, and then drawn a second time in gold from the issue department. Thus, according to this singular argument, the Bank suffers a loss of two millions instead of one. Surely this needs no answer. If it does, here is a parallel. A merchant has 1,000,000 quarters of corn in a warehouse. He has also in his counting-house delivery orders for the amount, ready to be used in the market. If he parts with the delivery orders, his stock is diminished by 1,000,000 quarters; and if Mr. MILL's reasoning is good, he loses a second million when the orders are presented and the corn carted off. Bank-notes under the Act (except the 14,000,000*l.* which never can be presented) are simply delivery orders, subject to the same condition, that they cannot be issued except against the amount of goods which they represent; and it is a transparent fallacy to say that property, whether it be corn or gold, is twice parted with—first, by the transfer of the symbol that is used to represent it, and a second time by the actual delivery of the goods.

NATIONAL SINS.

TO men who, after spending the best years of their lives in India, have been, during many painful months, pondering in deep perplexity over the causes of the great military revolt, it must indeed have been a marvel and a mystery, on Wednesday, the 7th of October, how preachers who could

hardly be supposed to have devoted four-and-twenty hours' thought to India during the entire course of their lives, had suddenly attained a complete mastery of the subject. Yet this phenomenon was unexpectedly presented to us. Even youthful curates, fresh from college, tackled the difficult problem without a misgiving. There were, indeed, many cases in which the question was treated with becoming humility and reserve; but these, we fear, were the exceptions. The majority of preachers, we believe, were unanimous in the assertion that England had brought this dire calamity upon herself by neglecting her Christian duties in a heathen land. If, it was urged, we had done more to convert the people of India to Christianity—nay, if we had done less to obstruct their conversion—we should not thus have brought down upon ourselves the judgment of the Almighty. That this view of the case should have been spontaneously taken by some—perhaps by many—Christian divines, was natural; but we confess that we had not been prepared for so much unanimity in a quarter where we have usually been accustomed to look for the widest diversity of opinion. The mystery, however, has been solved. It now appears that all these clerical denunciations of England's heathenism in the East came from one parent stock. A few days before that which had been set apart for the general humiliation, the Church Missionary Society issued a circular. It must have reached the clergy of England at the critical moment when the majority of them were painfully grappling with the difficulties of a strange and unfamiliar subject; and it opportunely furnished them with a leading idea, which was eagerly seized and turned to account.

In this manifesto it is declared that both the British Government in India and the people of Great Britain have neglected their Christian duties in the East, and thus brought upon themselves the chastisement under which they are now groaning. And, the more particularly to identify the special character of the chastisement with the sins which we have committed, the following definite statement is made:—

The instrument of Divine judgment has been the cherished high-caste Bengal army, from which the first Sepoy Christian convert was expelled, through caste prejudices, in the year 1829, by order of the Governor-General, after an official inquiry at Meerut, in which the soldier was acquitted of every charge, except that of becoming a Christian on conviction. At Meerut, the first blood was shed by Sepoys. "Whoso is wise, shall observe these things," and will mark in this, and in other peculiarities of the judgment, the reflection of our national sins.

We say nothing of the presumption of so minute an interpretation of the inscrutable will of the Almighty—we would speak merely of the historical facts to which allusion is thus startlingly made. The events here referred to occurred, not in 1829, but in 1819. It is true that in the latter year a Sepoy of the 25th regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, then stationed at Meerut, was converted to Christianity. It is true that he was (morally at least) "expelled through caste prejudices." But it is not true that he was expelled "by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL." As a Christian convert in our eyes, but as an apostate in the eyes of his brother soldiers, he was expelled, if expelled at all, by his own comrades. Information was forwarded to the Government, to the effect that the man had been converted through the agency of one of the Company's chaplains, and that consequently the regiment was in a state of extreme excitement. The Government directed that the Sepoy should cease from the performance of regimental duty, but that he should receive the pay and allowances of his rank. So little, however, did they think of inflicting any punishment on him that, out of consideration for the painful position in which he was placed, they subsequently offered to transfer him, with higher rank, to another regiment. This bounty on conversion the man rejected, remarking that it would cast doubt on his sincerity; but he continued to the day of his death to draw the pay and allowances to which he was entitled at the time of his conversion. Such are the facts on which the Church Missionary Society, with as little regard for chronology as for incidental fact, have founded the amazing fiction that the Bengal army revolted in 1857 because the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, in 1829, expelled a soldier from his regiment for daring to become a Christian on conviction. Such is the basis of the recent pulpit denunciations of a Government which treats Christianity as a military offence, and will not allow a Christian to remain in the ranks of its army.

It was a great thing, doubtless, for clergymen in difficulties to get hold of this leading idea, and to instruct

their flocks in accordance with the promptings of a Society so deeply skilled in cause and effect. The faith, however, of an inquiring reader in the logic of the committee may be somewhat shaken by the assertion that the Church Missionary Society expect to lose, in the present year, 8000*l.* or 10,000*l.* by the mutiny in the North-western Provinces—such being, we are told, the yearly amount of contributions from North India. Surely, the Europeans of Northern India, few in number as they are, who contributed this large amount to a single missionary society, did not deserve that a special judgment of this horrible character should descend upon them. Can Mr. VENN and his colleagues name any other community, equally limited in numbers, which subscribes more liberally to the funds of their Society? The amount named is sufficient to support in Upper India a score of ministers of the Gospel connected with the Church Missionary Society; and we have no reason to suppose that other associations have not also been largely supported by our murdered countrymen and countrywomen in the Upper Provinces of India.

There doubtless was a time when the English in India were culpably indifferent regarding the Christianity of the natives, and not much more mindful of their own. Time was when the people said, and not without reason, "Christian religion, Devil religion." But this culpable indifference has long ago passed away. Still, the Church Missionary Society proclaims that "of late years," "the Christian conversion of the natives has been discouraged!" By whom? Surely not by the Englishmen who, in one division of the Bengal Presidency alone, have been wont to subscribe 10,000*l.* a-year to a single missionary association. Surely not by the Government, which affords grants in aid to missionary schools—which has removed "civil disqualifications on conversion to Christianity" (we quote the circular before us)—and the whole tendency of whose recent measures of social improvement has been to shake the power of Brahminism to its foundation. Have we done too much in this direction, or have we done too little? The British Government have been condemned both for the one and the other. It is really a very grave and a very perplexing question; and it is one, therefore, peculiarly unfitted for hasty *ex cathedra* decisions. It was right that, on the day set apart by authority, our religious teachers should impress upon their flocks both the grounds of national humiliation and the necessity of national contribution; but it was not right that they should claim to be the special and minute interpreters of the will of the Most High. Surely, there were more useful lessons to be taught to their congregations than the assumed duty of humbling themselves for the offences of others. It appears to us that there is more truth in the following passage, which we take from an admirable discourse delivered on the day of humiliation by the Rev. HENRY MELVILL, than in the teachings of the Church Missionary Society:—"I am not going to search for special sins which may have called down the fearful judgments beneath which we almost sink. I do not think this the right course. I know, indeed, that all suffering is a consequence of sin. But when I see an individual visited with calamity, I do not necessarily suppose that the calamity is the retribution of some particular sin. Neither do I suppose it in the case of a nation. It may be very convenient to find fault with the Indian Government, to say that God is now visiting us for some of its acts, or some of its omissions—for patronage of idolatry, or for traffic in opium, or for reluctance to put forward Christianity. I do not here profess to determine whether the Indian Government is or is not to blame in these respects, though I believe that, on the indicated points, there is far more said than can ever be substantiated. But what I say is, that such ways of accounting for disaster are sure to be popular, because they take the blame off the shoulders of the mass; whereas the mass are to blame. If national judgments result from national sins, you and I must take our share. You and I helped to produce the massacre at Delhi—you and I to fill that hideous well at Cawnpore. National sin is but the aggregate of individual sin; and pride, and unbelief, and lust, and covetousness, and sloth, and malice—ay, these are very common things; and whilst these walk rampant through a land, and whilst there is a God of whose laws they are the deliberate infractions, we have cause enough why we should humble ourselves in the dust, and explanation enough why 'the tidings' which come should be like the writing on the roll of the Prophet, 'lamentation, and mourning, and woe.'"

RAILWAY ECONOMICS—ONE PER CENT.

BY some sort of moral law, it seems that, even in a commercial community, every monetary hitch vibrates through the whole social system. The jar thrills along the entire machine, and the little wheels sympathize involuntarily with the great driving crank. Somehow or other, though we have not a single investment, and though capital is to us but a theory, all of us have to do with the panic and crisis in the American market and the London discount houses; and so it is that the misfortunes of the railway companies are visited upon the whole travelling community. One per cent. in the Great Western line is made to tell upon even third-class passengers. It must be so, perhaps; but it is not a pleasant prospect. To be sure, it is only the old moral law. We must put up with one another's burthens. The Greeks paid for ACHILLES' wrath and AGAMEMNON'S pig-headedness; but it was rather hard on the nameless heroes who did not get into the Homeric chronicle. So, we must say, it is rather hard, even if unavoidable, that we are to be burned to death or smashed because it pleased the Great Western Directors to make lines to Henley and Wycombe, and to those other famous cities of a population of five hundred citizens apiece in mid Bucks. To drive an iron road through the Isle of Athelney is a becoming tribute to the memory of ALFRED, but a Yeovil railway is not a profitable investment. The loss must, however, be got out of somebody, for one per cent. dividend is all but insolvency. All the old dodges have been tried—the capital account and the valuation of rolling stock have been played against each other till even the ingenuity of Secretaries and the blindness of Auditors can stand it no longer. One per cent. is the dead lock of the management, and there is nothing left for it but economy. Now economy is a very pretty thing. It is so highly moral, and creditable, and becoming to pull up in a career of pleasant extravagance. The sublime spectacle of laying down the brougham and selling the saddle-horses, and retrenching in parlour, hall, and bower, brings tears of admiration, and sometimes of something else, both to speculators and performers. And what is right in a household is of course right in a Company. But there is this difference—that when we economize, we do it at our own cost; whilst, when a Railway Company economizes, it does it at other people's cost. The shareholders take it out in our lives and safety. It is the public that pays for the Company's retrenchment.

Now here is the Great Western Railway. The nation takes pride in this particular line. It is one of our institutions. Everything about it is of the grandest and stateliest. Its gauge, its lofty contempt of difficulties, the insulting superiority which it displays to all natural obstacles—the easy insolent way in which, as if for the mere sake of showing what it can do, it bridges the Thames at its widest, pierces the everlasting hills at their deepest, introduces life and light and civilization into the dullest, and flings itself into the furthest recesses of the land—all this costs, as shareholders know, something. The Great Western running its trains to Chester is so superb a defiance of common sense that, among our other costly absurdities, this noble solecism is an honour to the country. But we must pay for our magnificent whistle. There may be a fallacy—there often is—in the *post hoc ergo propter hoc*; yet it is noticeable that accidents and the fatal one per cent. happen to be simultaneous. The Great Western, as it is the finest, so it used to be the safest of all railways; but this is no longer the case, and it becomes a very serious inquiry whether falling dividends and multiplying accidents are to be correlatives.

First, there was the terrible accident a fortnight ago, in which a whole carriage was on fire all the way from Slough to London. A week later, the mail-train was detained for three hours at Maidenhead by the very awkward accident of the engine falling to pieces at Maidenhead station. On Saturday last, an excursion train to Cheltenham was detained half the night in the warm bosom of the Cotswold Hills by a break-down of the engine. In each case it is undeniable that economy had been at work. An additional hand, and no economy in grease, would have averted all risk of the holocaust which all but took place at Wormwood Scrubs; and to despatch a mail-train from London with an engine which could not run twenty-three miles, looks very like saving at any cost. But these accidents fade into insignificance before the South Wales tragedy. Here is every element of railway destruction on its grandest scale. It just

characterizes the Great Western. All is colossal, and pity and terror stalk forth in Æschylean proportions. For once, that has happened which all of us, in our more imaginative moments, had just thought of, and dismissed because the very notion of it was too terrible to dwell upon, except as an unhallowed recreation in the mind's more Fuselian altitudes. The late Mr. MARTIN, in his last, and certainly his most absurd, nightmare dream, has thought proper to paint the Last Day; and if we remember rightly, the most striking feature is the smash of two special trains, bringing the forces of Gog and Magog to fight it out in the valley of Armageddon. The bare possibility of two trains dashing fairly into each other from opposite directions is what most of us have thought of, but is only now a matter of experience. Collisions, hitherto, have been of trains following, not meeting each other. This is, we believe, the first instance of the horrid smash of opposing *momenta*. The consequence is, as befits the greatest of companies, the worst railway catastrophe upon record. The killed, wounded, bruised, contused, and shaken, are calculated at two-thirds of the passengers of the two trains.

Here it is simple folly to talk of "accident." The evidence given at the inquest, though occupying whole columns of the newspapers, may be condensed in a single sentence. A station-master ordered a train to proceed on a wrong line, because he and his staff could not, or would not, read the telegraph. In other words, this catastrophe is entirely owing to the employment of incompetent officials. It was distinctly proved that either, at one station, the clerks could not send, or at the other could not read the telegram, or telegrapheme, or whatever we are to call it. Further, the most culpable and criminal neglect of common prudence seems to have been exhibited by everybody concerned. It was known at two separate points that a break-down had occurred between them, and that the line was blocked up; and the authorities at those two points were in communication by the telegraph wires. But they could not make each other out. From incapacity, or carelessness somewhere, the language of the wires was oracular and Orphic. The recording angels were palpably puzzled and confused. Under these circumstances, the simplest perception of duty would have urged everybody concerned to stop all trains. So wild and terrified, however, by the distracting messages were the clerks and station-master, that they seem to have gone mad with terror—or rather, it might have been well if they had done so, because then, perhaps, they would have done nothing. But at this terrible moment came out the worst characteristic of imbecility. The official's pride was wounded by the palpable fact that he was completely at fault. Was he to be dictated to? Was he to be made a fool of—as he expressed it? Was it to be supposed that he did not know what to do? Of course not—so he took the usual resource of a fool. He did the bold thing. Who was afraid? Only all the passengers—only all the porters and clerks. But it was his to laugh to scorn such vulgar terrors. So he let loose the doubtful train—he slipped the hound of death for no other conceivable reason than to show that, in the very crisis of uncertainty, he had the nerve to do the only possible thing in which there was danger. To do nothing and wait for a solution of the mystery would have been the dictate of common sense. But the station-master alone was equal to the emergency—the boldest policy seems the safest to blank ignorance. To be sure, he is to be indicted for manslaughter; but this is poor consolation for the sufferers in the great South Wales collision.

The upshot of the matter, then, is this:—At one station, a telegraph clerk could not read a single-needle instrument, and at the other, the clerk could not read a double one; and the result was "perplexity," "embarrassment," "confusion," "pettishness," "anger," and so on. In the very midst of this chaos of doubtful counsels and confused facts, one person alone had the presence of mind to disregard all hints and doubts, and, without orders—nay, if anything, in the teeth of them, such as they were—to do that one thing in which alone it was possible to do mischief. What does all this prove but that, on the South Wales line, incompetent officials are systematically employed? And what is the sum of the Slough conflagration but that railway directors will not, in spite of every warning, adopt the precaution of establishing a communication between the carriages and the engine-driver? This communication is not only hypothetically possible, but is in actual use both on the Continent and in America, as well as on some English lines; and the only reason that we ever heard of against

its universal use in England was its cost and the necessity of employing additional hands. Thus, to be burned alive and to be at the mercy of such people as work the South Wales line is *our* share in the one per cent. dividend.

TYRTEUS.

IF the author of the familiar aphorism as to the comparative importance of ballads and laws could come to life again, he would probably reconsider his estimate. Who is there in the present day whose songs can stir our blood as "Chevy Chase" stirred his? And yet what subjects a modern Tyrtæus might find for his art! In ancient times, the poet and the soldier went hand in hand—to do and to describe great actions were but two functions of one character. How is it that whilst we have retained the one power, we have so completely lost the other? We are richer than our ancestors—in many respects we are wiser; and the fears of those who dreaded that an era of unexampled peace and prosperity might emasculate the national character have been most effectually dispelled by countless examples of such desperate heroism, such various resource, such unflinching firmness, such cheerful self-denial, and such noble resignation, as will effect a lasting change in our national commonplaces. As the fame of Cressy gave way to that of Agincourt, and the fame of Agincourt to that of Blenheim, so our children will speak of the great days of the Crimean campaign and of the Indian mutiny—of Inkermann and Balaklava, of Agra and of Delhi—as we used to speak a very few years ago of what was then "the last war"—of Waterloo, and Badajoz, and St. Sebastian. No one can look around him without seeing that we live at one of the great epochs of human history—that we stand at one of the points where *magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo*. Our century is like that great era when the recovery of spiritual independence coincided with the opening of the gates of a new world—when Luther defied the Pope—when Columbus discovered America, and Gama rounded the Cape. And as in those days, and in the century which followed them, this country sent out the bravest of the brave and the hardiest of the hardy—Drake to girdle the world, Hudson to encounter the polar ice, the colonists who founded the greatest of nations, and the sailors who tamed the proudest of fleets—so in this age, the enterprises which bid fair to change the face of human society are mostly conducted by men of English blood. The English tongue is spoken at the Cape, in Australia, in New Zealand, and in America from the Arctic Ocean to the tropics. England is the only nation which has any strong hold upon the East. England is the only European country which has reconciled pre-eminence in freedom, in arms, and in arts. Englishmen discovered the North-west passage—Englishmen have made half the railways of Europe. If the manly virtues ever flourished in any time or in any nation, they flourish here and now. It might have been hoped that the spectacle of such greatness would have produced its usual effects upon literature, and that so grand an age might have been worthily celebrated by its contemporaries. No doubt, in some respects, that expectation is fulfilled. We have several great historians, we have more than one great thinker, we have many men distinguished in special varieties of science, and we have one poet whose name will live; but we have not amongst us a single man who can set to that music which makes the heart beat and the eye glisten some of the most splendid and the most pathetic incidents of any age or country. It certainly was not so always. Poetry could once wield the sword as well as the dissecting knife—it could not only analyse, but touch the heart. Those broad, simple feelings which we all share are its true and eternal subjects, and yet how few of them are handled in the present day! A certain number of love songs as pure as distilled water, and free enough from passion to have been addressed by one schoolgirl to another, some sermons in rhyme about our country and its responsibilities, an infinite number of lamentations over the sorrows of life, served up as sauce to the happiness of those who do not feel them—exhaust, with some noble exceptions, the list of our popular songs. It is true that when Mr. Tennyson pleases, he can speak not unworthily of the

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle altar looking down,
Who Godlike grasps the triple forks,
And kinglike wears the crown.

But it very seldom does please him, and we should be much at a loss to mention any one else who combines the power and the will to do so.

It is mortifying, and yet not displeasing, to compare the style in which our fathers and grandfathers were taught what was meant by being Englishmen, with that in which we are addressed at present—mortifying, because it shows us what we are losing; pleasing, because it gives us occasion to look back upon the past. In Lockhart's *Life of Scott* we are told that, in one of the battles in the Peninsular war, a company was ordered to lie down under fire, and whilst in that position the captain read them, to their immense delight, the description of the battle of Flodden, from the last canto of *Marmion*. Who could not fancy the thrill with which, in such a position, men would listen to such words as these:—

But yet though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring.

The stubborn spearmen still made good
The dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight,
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As valiantly and well.
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.

The spearmen at Flodden were not braver than those who held the position at Inkermann against odds of eight to one, or than the 600 men—many of them volunteers who had never fired a gun—who marched out of Agra to fight and conquer ten times their number; yet they have found no poet, and we fancy they would not be much encouraged by the notes of their contemporaries. What, for example, would be the effect of reading to the garrison of Lucknow, R. M. M.'s thoughts on *England's Summer*, 1857, published not long since in the *Times*? This poem consists of 120 lines, divided into fifteen stanzas of eight lines a-piece, and containing the sum of the poet's reflections upon the two closely-connected subjects of the harvest and the mutiny. The first thing that strikes him is that the summer was very hot, and good for the crops:—

Week after week the summer here,
Undim'd by cloud or shower,
With an Italian speed brings on,
The happy harvest hour.

This suggests, in the third stanza, the thought that suddenly such bad news arrived (by telegram) that "they who hear them scarce desire to see their children cheerful." What curiously graduated grief! They do not quite wish their children not to enjoy themselves in the holidays, but very nearly. We shall next be told that they were so unhappy that they all but gave up accepting invitations to dinner, and quite forsook evening parties. After hearing this awful message, the poet proceeds to consider what it is; and refuting the supposition that it relates to a patriotic rising or even a religious sentiment, he observes that

Soldiers cared for us our sons,
And clothed with England's honour,
Have turned their pericidal guns,
With basest craft upon her.

The feelings of those who have relations in India are next described in no less than forty lines. Eight more convey the sentiment that the mutiny ought to be punished, and that Lord Canning and the other members of Council may then, and not till, be forgiven. As for England itself—

Whilst the rulers we condemn,
Who failed in due provision,
We trust, for Britain as for them,
In history's great decision.

And so the poet concludes with twenty-four lines of hopes that, perhaps, at some distant time, India may be converted. The contrast between the prosperity of this country and the misery of India is not ungraceful, and the writer certainly feels deeply the afflictions which he laments. These are real merits, but what can redeem the flabbiness of the execution? Compare forty such lines as these:

God give them thoughts of those who died
In Christendom's first ages,
The child, the veteran, and the bride,
The saints of history's pages,

the conception of which is graceful, no doubt, and pious—with the less thoughtful but exquisitely beautiful expression of Campbell's regret for

Those that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elinore.
Brave hearts to England's pride
So faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
By the gallant good Rion,
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er your graves.

And who will not confess that what we want is not a mass of more or less ingenious observations and moral reflections, but a plain, broad expression of what we are all feeling?

It is in much less elaborate and less meritorious productions than R. M. M.'s account of *England's Summer* that the feebleness and folly of our modern song-writers are shown most strikingly. There is in our older songs, even when they are rough and almost vulgar, a spirit and life which seems to have quite departed from us now. Where, in the present day, should we find the match of the rough old rhyme on the capture of the *Belle Porte* by the *Saucy Arcturion*?

Or what living man could write anything equal to "Cheer up, my daddie, 'tis a story we've told," played by the bands of the squadron which set out from Gibraltar to attack—and it turned out to be a superior sort of French and Spaniards, immediately after its own defeat at Algiers. We have, indeed, the excellent Martin F. Tupper, who gives us a "Song for Rifle Clubs," the metre of which is adopted partly from that of "Ride

a cock-horse to Banbury Cross," and partly from "Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs;" whilst, of the thought, we can only say that we hope that what passes for it in Mr. Tupper's opinion may be peculiar to himself:—

Hurrah for the rifle! In days long ago
Our fathers were fear'd for the bill and the bow,
And Edwards and Harrys in battles of old
Were proud of their archers, so burly and bold;
While Agincourt, Cressy, and Poitiers long since,
And great John of Gaunt, and the gallant Black Prince
Tell out from old pages of history still
What Englishmen did with the bow and the bill.

Hurrah for the rifle! In lands over sea
The rifle is fear'd in the hands of the free;
America guards her glad homes by its aid,
Daring creation to make her afraid—
And Switzerland stands on her ramparts of snow,
A rifleman ready for friend or foe,
And Englishmen ought to be taught to defend
Our homes from the foe, while we welcome the friend.

We hope that the Americans will relish the compliment which singles out as their special peculiarity the habit of bragging when nobody threatens them, and that the Swiss will appreciate the theme that their tactics consist in getting up mountains where nobody can reach them, and where there is nothing to protect except chamois.

It is perhaps in our comic literature that the degeneracy of "popular poetry" is most marked. As there is nothing more delightful than the mixture of fun and earnest, of mirth and pathos, which characterizes a really great poet, who pours out with careless strength the various impressions which cross his mind, so nothing can be more nauseous and contemptible than the pitiful drivelling in which professional buffoons are compelled by the necessities of their position to unite affected emotion with the struggle for wit. The step from Burns to *Punch* is one which, in the course of events, had to be made, but it is a very long and a very dirty one. Burns was not forced to be witty every Wednesday; but being a man of great genius, and, as such men usually are, a person of infinite depth and variety of feeling, he constantly brought the broadest fun and the noblest emotion into an inseparably close connexion. What a wonderful fund of jovial audacity there is in that strange medley in which he describes the revels of a set of beggars! What truth and force in the old broken-down tatterdemalion, who sings about his loves and wars in such words as these—

I am a son of Mars,
And I've been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars
Wherever I come:
This here was for a wench,
And this other in a trench,
Welcoming the French
To the sound of the drum.

And what a glorious burst of national feeling is that which he introduces into the burlesque praises of whisky—

Bring a Scotchman from his hill,
Say such is royal George's will,
And there's the foe,
His only thought is how to kill
Two at a blow.
Death comes, with dauntless eye he sees him,
With bloody hand a welcome gives him;
And when he falls,
His latest draught of breathing leaves him
In faint hurrahs!

—or into the drinking song written for the Dumfries volunteers—

The kettle of the Church and State,
Perchance a clout may fall in it,
But devil a foreign tinker loon
Shall ever put a nail in it;
Our fathers' blood that kettle bought,
And who would dare to spoil it?
By heaven! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.

This is infinitely too high a flight, not only intellectually but morally, for *Punch*. Burns was a man, and had a man's faults, and amongst other things, sometimes used strong language. For example, in the last of our extracts there occurs that naughty word "devil." *Punch* would never do that. Its mission is to provide strictly proper and harmless amusement. It is also bound to bear a faithful testimony in favour of every prejudice of that great phalanx of middle-class respectability whose lighter hours it seeks to amuse. Whether what is produced under these conditions is really as harmless as it looks, is a question upon which some light is thrown by a poem, popular, we suppose, with some class or other, recently addressed to Cardinal Wiseman, and entitled *Verbum Sapienti*—supiens, as the classical reader is aware, being pure Latin for a wise man. After some commonplace folly about the massacre at Cawnpore we have the following stanzas addressed to the Cardinal:—

A lonely, a barren, affectionless man
(There are sermons in stones) will discourse if he can;
He will love the class only to which he belongs
And will raise their estate upon other men's wrongs.
In a want of regard for his class he will see
The source of disasters of every degree—
Would he himself trust to professional lore,
And dash his red stockings in reader Cawnpore.

Let him vaunt his old wood, his old bones and his stuff,
Till we've relics and rosaries more than enough,
But if with our heartstrings he trades for a plea,
There never was Wise-man so simple as he.

It is not to the bigotry, nor to the imbecility, nor to the utter absence of all meaning in two-thirds at least of this miserable doggerel, that we wish to call attention. It is rather to the principle which presides over the composition, and to the bad moral influence which it cannot fail to exercise, if it have any at all. The principle is, that everything admitted into a comic paper must contain a certain number of jokes—hence the opposition of “red stockings” and “redder Cawnpore,” and of “Wise-man” and “simple.” This, perhaps, is matter of taste, but is it not a grave moral offence to beslobber such a subject with such infinitely small wit? Common feeling would denounce such language as extremely profane if it were applied to biblical subjects. A man who weekly printed a medley of sanctimonious twaddle and extremely bad puns, *à propos* of the Garden of Eden, or of Joseph and his Brethren, or who turned the Psalms into bellman’s metre, concluding each verse with a comic chorus, would only imitate a writer who—after bemoaning the excesses of “the beast we had petted and thought we had tamed,” who “was fouling his maw with the flesh he had shamed”—goes on to remark that Dr. Wiseman wears stockings as red as the blood shed at Cawnpore, and that his name is composed of the two words “wise” and “man”—and who expects us to laugh at it. The fact that there is no intentional brutality or irreverence in this silly stuff is, perhaps, the strongest of all proofs that the necessity of constantly manufacturing jokes cannot but blunt the feelings, and destroy all sense of reverence which is not purely conventional.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT.

SCARCELY any of the papers read the other day at Birmingham contained matter so well worth considering as that contributed by Mr. Tom Taylor on the relations of the Central and Local authorities in matters of local government. This is a subject on which less has been written in England than is worth reading, than on any other of equal importance, and yet it is a subject which belongs to men in every grade of society. If there is one work which, more than any other, we should like to see produced by a mind competent to deal with the question, it is a treatise on the Functions of the State in a free country, with a direct application to the historical position and traditions of England. Mr. Taylor only takes up a portion of the wide field, but the part he occupies is a very important one. He is himself an official in a public board, but nothing could be more wholly free from the spirit of red-tape and bureaucracy than his paper. He seems to have wished to justify to himself, no less than to others, the authority which he has a share in wielding. And some exposition of the principles on which the action of a central authority is to be defended, and of those on which it is practically conducted, was much to be desired, because the cry of the present day is for local self-government, and most writers and speakers on the subject are opposed to the action of a central authority. It is therefore very desirable that the public should hear something on the other side. Mr. Taylor is extremely moderate in his views, and would regard any attempt to introduce a centralization like that of the Continental despotisms with the aversion certain to be found in any one familiar with the history of England, and acquainted with the causes which have led to the greatness of this country. We entirely concur in the general tendency of his paper, and wish that we could see this short treatise made the basis of a longer and more elaborate publication from his pen.

For communities in a comparatively simple state of civilization, the arrangements of the Anglo-Saxons to secure local self-government were as complete as wise, and as consistent as the ingenuity of man could even theoretically desire. The foundation of local self-government was responsibility—the mutual responsibility of every adult male. Every one had duties to perform, burdens to bear, and benefits to receive. There is therefore, in England, an historical type to which all who discuss the subject may refer. In process of time, the Anglo-Saxon system, though retaining much vitality even to the present day, has been broken in upon. Is this a necessity, or only an aberration from true principles caused by the indolence and ignorance of modern society? This is the question which divides those who take an interest in the matter. One set of writers, of whom Mr. Toulmin Smith may be taken as the representative, maintains that the Anglo-Saxon polity can and ought to be restored, and that each town or “vill” should entirely manage its own affairs. Their opponents, of whom Mr. Taylor is one, say that the scale of modern society is too vast, its interests too complicated, the operations of labour too extended, the fortunes of different classes too disproportionate, for this to be possible, and that therefore an external authority must necessarily intervene.

Any one who has read Mr. Toulmin Smith’s work on *The Parish*—a most interesting and instructive volume—must have been struck with the weakness of the part which treats of the remedies to be applied if the parish would not work. The fact is, that in early times the parish did work, and therefore the remedies were comparatively unimportant. How it happened that the inhabitants of English parishes were penetrated with the spirit on which local self-government depends for its vitality, is a

difficult and probably insoluble problem. But, as they were penetrated with that spirit, it is easy to see in the circumstances of the times many aids which enabled them to give it free play. Two of these aids—the greater equality of conditions, and the more complete isolation of different localities—are so obvious and so important, that we need not pause to mention others. But in modern England there are many parishes where the parochial system is wholly powerless. The machinery is there, but it is at rest, and there exists no inherent force which can set it in motion. This is a fact which may be lamented, but which exists. A powerful nobleman has got hold of the revenues of a charity, and the persons whom he injures are his agents, tenants, and dependents. A soap-boiler makes a compact with his neighbour, a bone-boiler, that each shall let the other alone, and oppose all attempts to purify the air. The parish may require large works to be executed, in order to drain, water, or light up, and it has no money, and cannot anticipate its future revenue. In all these cases, and in a hundred others, everything is absolutely at a standstill. The charity is robbed, the air is polluted, and the town is undrained, and yet nothing can be done. Even where there is a local body which could act if it pleased, it is too often inactive because its meetings are made the scene of vulgar wrangling, where the most ignorant and impudent try to force themselves into notice, and the sensible, honest, and educated, are out-numbered and out-talked. Mr. Taylor says too truly, that our second and third-rate towns are the very worst places in the kingdom for getting anything done in a liberal and honest spirit. Political partisanship is rewarded by jobbery, and those who profit by the jobbery display their gratitude by letting their patrons do just as they please. Upon what theory of the State can it be said that such things ought to continue?

Mr. Toulmin Smith himself is overpowered by the weight of facts, and is obliged to propose that there shall be an additional Under-Secretary of the Home Department, to whom the local authorities should send annual returns on specified heads, and who, in case these returns were unsatisfactory, should call in the assistance of the Court of Queen’s Bench to compel the execution of proper works. But this is so considerable an abandonment of the rigid principle of absolute self-government, that it opens the door to any intervention of the central authority which reasoning or experience may show to be the best. The question then, is, not whether the State shall interfere, but what is the legitimate mode and extent of interference. Mr. Taylor examines this point, and discusses it with much sense and fairness. It is true that the great difficulty lies in the application of details and in the practical management of Government Boards. There is much room for improvement in the constitution and conduct of these boards. In some, a spirit of official impertinence and a love of petty authority prevail—in others, the public are always treated with courtesy and consideration, and attention is given to all reasonable demands. But the practical working of the system of intervention is quite a distinct matter from the general principles on which that intervention ought to proceed, and from the consideration of the direction in which it ought to tend. Mr. Taylor confines himself to the discussion of these elementary and preliminary points, and has made a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject by clearly defining, under separate heads, the sphere of Governmental interference. We will give the conclusion at which he arrives in his own words. The assistance of central action is, he says, needed:—

1. To confer powers for improvement cheaply and effectually; to invest with the legal character of ‘towns’ areas of dense population not having yet acquired a known and defined boundary; and to fuse into a consistent whole existing local Acts, and a general measure of town improvement.
2. When such powers are conferred, to forward generally the wise and efficient exercise of them by diffusing the light of a general experience, and by communicating the results of such special inquiries as the central department may be charged to make, by advising in cases of doubt or difficulty, and generally by assisting, but never superseding, local efforts.
3. To protect posterity by examining and deciding upon application for leave to mortgage rates.
4. To report to Parliament on the examination of local powers.
5. To act as a court of appeal against local oppression in certain specified cases, and a court of *mandamus* in cases of local default.

GRAM-MAR.

WHEN John Bull becomes playful, it is generally a proof that he is in earnest. *Mais c’est sublime*, we should say of him, if we had any commission to sing his praises in a French journal. As, however, we are addressing John himself, we shall only observe that, like all sincere fellows, he cannot help showing his mind in his manners. When he knows, at the bottom of his heart, that he is not thoroughly satisfied as to his own ground or his own duty, he is captious, solemn, and superb. When right and wrong are both clear on his right hand and his left, he has but to choose the one and to pass over the other, with a confident heart and a joyous face. England has no misgivings about her duty towards India. Who, on the other hand, can dare to say that during the Russian war there were not often tangled and divergent views of our obligation? Accordingly, throughout that anxious epoch, John was in a state of virtuous irritation, such as his oldest friends had never before known him indulge in. Now, fully and rightly convinced as he is that his function in universal nature is to thrash the Sepoys, he can afford to fill up the gap between successive messages from the East by the sport of challenging the name which those messages ought to bear. Let the

Universe be certain that this levity, as it probably esteems it, is the best proof that John's blood is up to courage point.

Altogether, the great "gram" question vastly delights us. It is pleasant to see that England stands so true to her tradition of classical and particularly of Greek education, that a controversy hinging on Greek etymology is of sufficient interest to the public to have retained its place in the *Times* for many successive days. We cannot, however, say with truth that the combatants have proved sufficient to the occasion. On the contrary, they have been inclined to run into the usual fault of English philologists, which excited the laughter of Herman and his school against the Porsonian—of sticking to mere etymological induction, and overlooking the accompanying circumstances of the case. The matter lay in a nutshell. We had the word *telegraph* signifying the active transmitter of the message—we wanted a word to signify the message passively transmitted. The laws of philology prompted the inference that if *telegraph* was the recognised English word for the active transmitter, *telegram* might analogically be coined to express that which was transmitted; while the pre-existence of anagram, chronogram, parallelogram, diagram, and programme, testified to the legitimacy of the termination as an adopted daughter of the English tongue. Where then was the hitch?

Mr. Shilleto, well known for his classical attainments, volunteered his services to watch the case on behalf of etymological purity, and pleaded against the young stranger's naturalization; and Dr. Donaldson has followed in his wake. What the gist of Mr. Shilleto's argument may be, we own that it took us more than one perusal of his letter accurately to comprehend. Even now, we fancy that he intended to suggest that the thing which telegram meant to indicate was a "message from afar;" and that, in the excitement of framing that queer word *telegrapheme*, he forgot to recommend the still further sacrifice to purity—*telethegrapheme*—a writing (*γράφημα*) from afar (*τηλοθής*). Granting that Mr. Shilleto's criticism was correct, and not granting that the existence of "telegraph" had for all practical purposes ruled the point, we might be prepared to admit that the same obligation lay upon that learned and reverend gentleman to send *telethegraphemes* on weekdays, as upon Sundays to preach against the "idolatry" of India. But, in fact, "telegraph" does not necessarily mean a writer from afar, nor "telegram" a writing from afar. It would be more consistent with telegraphic history to assume that they implied respectively a distant writer and a distant writing.

The elements out of which these words are compounded are, in Greek, an adverb (*τῆλε*, distantly), and two cognate substantives derived from the same verb. We shall not stop to prove the lawfulness of such grammatical alliance—a task about as needful as to repeat the demonstration of the first proposition of Euclid. With reference to the adverb *τῆλε*, we have only to cite the proper name *Telemachus* (*Τηλέμαχος*, far-fighter), while Dr. Donaldson's rash onslaught on the latter member of the disputed compound breaks down in face of words as common as anagram or parallelogram, which, according to his dictum, ought to have taken the form of *parallelographeme*. There is, to be sure, no such word as *parallelograph*, "the drawer of parallel lines," but analogy vouches for its possible existence, and thus all the consequences menaced by the learned Cantabs would hold good. Indeed, as a cumulative argument, it is worth observing that anagram is in Greek *ἀνάγραμμα*, and parallelogram is *παράλληλογράμμιν*—two inflections both represented in English by "gram," while neither of them develops into *γράφημα*. What we have to show is, we assert, the legitimacy of the earlier term "telegraph." Persons have already begun to forget that the "telegraph" *par excellence* of our age is the electric telegraph of Wheatstone. That gaunt post, with its gesticulating arms, at-top of the Admiralty, has already faded from their memory; and not one in ten thousand probably recollects that not even there was the original telegraph to be found. The primordial form of the "distant writer" was a sort of pigeon-house with moveable shutters bearing letters or symbols, read off by a *telescope* (*τῆλε σκόπος*, a distant seer), and repeated station after station. Whoever invented this useful, though we should now think it clumsy, machine, rightly named it "distant writer." The message there was written at a distance, and deciphered by the "distant seer," and might most properly be termed a telegram, a "distant writing," precisely like anagram, a "distorted writing." That "telegraph" for the message would not be incorrect is patent from the co-existing term *ἀνυγράφη* (*anagraphé*), a record. But with a device like that which exists in this case, the greater clearness obtained by the distinction turns the scale in favour of "gram." So wedded, indeed, were persons at first to the exclusive use of "telegraph" to indicate that which was most literally a machine for distant writing, that when the gesticulating post was introduced, it at first had the name of "semaphore," "sign bearer." Then came the electric wire; and telegraph, and semaphore, both followed the stage-coach and the hand-locomotive. The question, then, upon which the whole question turns in our eyes, i.e., the legitimacy of "telegraph," here takes this form: Ought the Wheatstonian invention or not to have been given some appellation indicative of motion or transit? We deny the necessity. The distant writer, the telegraph, is the machine which spells out in London that message which has to be read in Paris. It is Paris's distant correspondent. The telegram is the message which is

written at a distance—never mind whether or not re-written at the other end of the wire. In all respects, then, we hold telegraph to be a term of the strictest analogical correctness, and telegram in no respect to fall short of the same recommendation.

We have not considered the matter in its practical aspect. Mr. Shilleto honestly admits the desirability of such a word, while suggesting his own more cumbersome substitute. But even if his objection had more of philological weight in it, viewed with a Greek eye, it does not follow that the spirit of the English language demands an equal purism. We should be very sorry to endorse the numerous barbarous compositions of outraged Greek and Latin with which competitive puffers are wont to bedizen their new-fangled goods—*aguascutum*, *panmuscorium*, and cognate monsters. But it is a fact that, if the English tongue is to continue to make good its wonderful power of practical development, it must boldly realize the distinction existing between a language of flexible declensions, like Greek, and inflexible, such as English or French. It is obvious that a language of the second sort presupposes shorter forms; and so the whole history of the derivation of French, and of the classical element of English, from their ancestral languages, is an unvarying series of abbreviations. We need only quote that word with which we have headed this article—*grammar*, the Greek original of which is *grammaticé*, four syllables instead of two. Reason has created this phenomenon, and no theoretic apposition of the schools can alter it. The original fault, in fact, of the ill-compounded terms to which we have called attention is, that they endeavour to retain their classical elements unmodified, and therefore unabbreviated. One system presupposes a dead and crystallized antiquarianism—the other is congruous with that eternal law of gradual transmutation and assimilation which rules the course of all subliminal things. Even if it were not so abundantly vindicated by the strictest principles of philology, "telegram" would be abundantly justified by every consideration based on common sense.

THE SUCCESS AND RESULTS OF THE EXHIBITION OF ART-TREASURES AT MANCHESTER.

THE Manchester Exhibition of Art-Treasures has now been closed to the public, and before long its priceless contents, dispersed for ever, will have been restored to their respective owners. It is impossible not to feel regret at the dissolution of so fair a vision, and many must have carried a somewhat heavy heart as they traversed for the last time the gorgeous picture-saloon of the Crystal Palace at Old Trafford. The pain which every traveller knows so well, of taking a last look at any of the famous Continental galleries, is assuaged by the reflection that the collection itself is permanent, and by the hope that he may be able at some future time to pay it another visit. That consolation was denied us at Manchester. There is no reasonable probability that even the greater part of those art-treasures will ever again be collected in one place, scattered as they will be among a thousand possessors in every part of the United Kingdom. The recollection, however, of a most beautiful and instructive exhibition will abide in the memory of multitudes of its visitors, and we may surely hope that some more lasting benefit, in the way of an increased knowledge and love of art among us, may result from this important and interesting experiment.

The experiment was a novel and bold one, and it deserved the moral and material success which it has undoubtedly achieved. It is no small triumph to have persuaded so many possessors of jealously guarded works of art to entrust their treasures to the innumerable dangers of packing, and transport, and public exhibition. And it is highly creditable to the energy and perseverance of the Commissioners and their servants that so many precious and fragile objects have been brought together, arranged, and exhibited, without loss or damage. We hope that equal care and equal good success will attend the dispersion of the collection, and that none of the generous contributors to the picture-galleries or museum will have the slightest reason to regret their liberality. Then at least one plausible argument against the possible repetition of a similar experiment will be silenced for ever.

But whatever degree of success in this point of view, or in respect of its influence upon the prospects of art-culture in this country, may have crowned the efforts of those who have organized this Exhibition, it was long feared that, financially, the scheme would be rather a failure than otherwise. The material aspects of the undertaking did not at first prosper as might have been hoped for. The visitors, though reckoned by hundreds of thousands, did not promise to be numerous enough to repay the costs of the projectors; and the spirited subscribers to the guarantee fund were preparing themselves to bear a loss. This would have been doubtless a discouraging result, and one which, unless it could be explained by reference to causes of a local or temporary nature, would effectually prevent any future attempt to collect for the instruction of the public, a purely artistic Exhibition. We rejoice, therefore, the more to hear that these apprehensions were not justified by the event. The crowds of visitors were greater as the time for closing the Exhibition approached, and it now appears that, after paying all expenses, a not inconsiderable surplus will remain in the hands of the Executive Committee. The Exhibitions at Dublin, New York, and even Paris, were failures, in a pecuniary sense. Manchester

alone, after the first great experiment of 1851, has paid its expenses. And this is the more remarkable and the more gratifying, when it is remembered that, undoubtedly, the Manchester Exhibition failed in winning much popularity with the working classes. This fact was conspicuous all along, and many theories have been started in order to account for it. For our own part, we do not think that its explanation is very far to seek. It has been argued by some of our contemporaries that the place of the Exhibition was badly chosen in the first instance, and that, had it been fixed in London instead of at Manchester, the masses of the metropolitan population would have largely availed themselves of an opportunity which was, comparatively speaking, thrown away upon the teeming millions of the manufacturing districts. We cannot accept this explanation without considerable limitation. Undoubtedly a still larger proportion of persons enjoying competence and leisure would have visited the Exhibition had its site been in or near London, and so far the speculation might have been still more gainful in a pecuniary sense. But there seems to us no reason for thinking that the working classes of the metropolis are in any appreciable degree more highly educated, and consequently more able to comprehend the claims of art, than their Lancashire brethren. In fact, we are inclined to believe the contrary. Not only are the artisans of the great workshop of England and its populous vicinity more directly engaged in the application of art to industrial manufactures than the people of what are called the home counties, but there is every reason to think that their intellectual development is of a higher order. We know, at least, of no parallel in London or the metropolitan boroughs to the Free Libraries of Manchester or Salford—thriving and practical institutions which no one can see without forming a high estimate of the mental activity and educational progress of the districts that support them. If, as seems to be admitted, the working people of Manchester have failed to give an adequate support to the art exhibition of the past summer, it is, we think, a safe conclusion that the experiment, so far as concerns the less cultivated classes of society, would have failed still more egregiously elsewhere. The truth is, that such an exhibition requires no little refinement and preliminary education in art before any one can enjoy it or profit by its lessons. It appeals to tastes, and sympathies, and experiences which are seldom shared save by those whose rank in life has brought them under the humanizing influences of a high mental culture. That a time will come when such influences will extend far more widely than they do at present, and reach far lower in the social scale, we earnestly hope and believe; and the Manchester Exhibition of 1857 may not improbably contribute indirectly to this desired result. But as yet this end has not been attained; and it speaks very highly for the spread of education among us that more than a million persons have crowded to a purely intellectual entertainment, which did not even, like the Exhibitions of 1851 and 1855, carry with it the interest and excitement of being a record of present material progress and an arena of local or national competition.

In our view, therefore, the main reason why the Exhibition failed to obtain a still greater measure of success was not so much that its place was ill chosen, as that its time was premature. The scheme had no reasonable chance of winning greater popularity among the working classes, in the present state of national education, especially in all that concerns the theory or practice of art. Something more must be done for the elevation of their taste and the embellishment of their life, before our mechanics and labourers can be expected to value properly a display of the wonders of ancient art, and the refined accessories of an advanced civilization. Meanwhile, those sections of our population that stand higher in the educational scale have given, as we have said, most satisfactory proofs that upon them this unprecedented opportunity has not been thrown away. No one can say that the Exhibition has not received the loyal support of the middle and upper ranks of life among us. And it is a hopeful sign for the future, that the increased attention given of late to the pursuit or study of æsthetics as a branch of liberal education has borne fruit in the evident extension, among educated men, of a capacity for the intelligent appreciation of the masterpieces of ancient art. There are many who will date from this Exhibition their first methodical study of the Fine Arts, and to whom the Manchester Galleries will have opened a new world of thought, and feeling, and imagination. May it not be hoped that another decade of years will give evidence of a far wider diffusion of that degree of preliminary training, without which, as our present experience seems to show, the finest picture gallery or the most complete museum is little better than a sealed book?

Moreover, there are perhaps other accidental reasons for the fact that the late Art Exhibition did not succeed in more deeply stirring the enthusiasm of the working classes. It is probable that few, comparatively speaking, of the multitudes residing within easy reach of Manchester were tempted to repeat their visit to Old Trafford. The sagacity of the Executive Committee seems to have been at fault in its arrangements for exhibiting the Collection when once formed and classified. An expensive and confused catalogue, hastily compiled, and issued in thousands in an incomplete and provisional form, was a torment to every one condemned to use it, and to the more unlettered visitors must have been simply intolerable. We were among the first to point out the necessity of labelling the pictures in a legible way, so as to avoid the necessity of continual reference

to the catalogue, if it was really meant to make the Collection useful in an educational point of view. But this simple expedient was never adopted; and, as a necessary consequence, multitudes of ordinary visitors and excursionists passed through the saloons without deriving any definite impression from the wonders that surrounded them. Again, had the Committee engaged one or two competent persons who might from time to time have delivered a popular running commentary on some department of the Collection, we are convinced that the peripatetic lecturers would seldom have wanted a large and willing audience. People were, in many cases, anxious to learn, but did not know how to set about the task; and it is no wonder that to such as had little or no acquaintance with art to begin with, the effect of so vast a collection was rather bewildering than instructive. Should it be said that funds were wanting for the attempt to work out such experiments, we can only say that the daily performances of the expensive orchestra, excellent and attractive as they were in themselves, might well have yielded to the more imperative claims of an earnest effort to make the Exhibition a powerful educational agent in promoting the love of art and spreading a sound knowledge of its true principles.

We must briefly advert to another far more flagrant case of mismanagement, which cannot but have been prejudicial to the interests of the Exhibition. The refreshment-rooms were all along notorious for dirt, incivility, and imposition; and an opinion prevailed that the Executive Committee were so hampered by the terms of their engagement with the contractor that all remonstrance was vain. But it might be naturally supposed that any one taking the pains to carry his own provisions with him would be independent of the refreshment-rooms. Not so, however. The contractor succeeded in obtaining a regulation, which was actually enforced by the police, that no one should be allowed to introduce provisions even for his own use into the building. Pleasant stories are afloat in Manchester society of sherry being drunk with wry faces, on the plea of its being quinine, by exhausted season-ticket holders while sitting in long expectation of her Majesty's approach, on the occasion of the Royal visit. But the poorer classes, and especially excursionists from a distance, must have suffered serious inconvenience from this arbitrary regulation. And we shall have less cause to wonder that the number of admissions even at a sixpenny charge never reached 30,000, if we remember the extra demands for fare, and catalogues, and refreshments, that awaited the unlucky visitor.

But even if the expenses of this great undertaking had not been covered—as happily they have been—by the receipts for admission, in other and higher points of view, as we have endeavoured to point out, the scheme has been rewarded with most signal success. The men of Manchester have deserved well of all lovers of art for the public spirit to which we owe so rich a treat as has been afforded in the Art-Treasures Exhibition. In no other city of the empire, it is probable, could the necessary guarantee fund have been raised so readily as it was in the capital of the manufacturing districts; and no city assuredly more needed the corrective influence of an art-exhibition than that in which commercial industry and the pursuit of material interests have hitherto reigned supreme. It is earnestly to be wished that a permanent museum of art may be one of the immediate results to Manchester from the temporary sojourn of so many works of beauty in its now closing Exhibition. And as its citizens have the first option in securing for a comparatively small sum the whole of the Soulages Collection, we trust that within a few weeks we shall hear that, in its purchase by means of the surplus in the hands of the Committee, the nucleus has been made for a local museum. It is difficult to exaggerate the value of a free and permanent exhibition in refining the tastes of a population, and indoctrinating them with sound principles of art. And where is such knowledge more wanted than in the very head-quarters of manufacturing industry? What can be more depressing, for instance, than to visit the famous works where "Hoyle's Prints" are produced, and to notice the mean patterns and tasteless colours of the cottons with which the looms of Manchester are literally clothing the whole world? A better choice and harmony of colours, and a better kind of designs, would not of necessity cost a farthing more in the manufacture; but as yet art has never been wedded to the perfection of the mechanical processes. To take another example. Some of the great "Manchester Warehouses"—so called distinctively—have begun of late to supply wholesale, among the thousand and one articles which they furnish, framed oil paintings by the dozen or gross! The colonies, India, or the United States, are learning, we are told, to send their orders for art as well as for clothing to Manchester, and are furnished with oil-paintings "of sorts" at an average cost of 6s. 9d. a piece, mounted and framed! What can be imagined more degrading to art than the mechanical multiplication of insipid landscapes or vulgar sporting-pieces at a merely nominal price, to meet the demand for showy drawing-room ornaments? There is ample room for reform and amendment in art matters in the staple trade of Manchester; and, unless we are much mistaken, a growing feeling to this effect among those most nearly concerned had something to do with the origination or adoption of this year's Exhibition. There is every reason to hope that all earnest efforts in this direction will be rewarded; and we trust that we may reckon a gradual diffusion of sounder principles of taste, and a more intelligent love of art, in Manchester in particular, as well as in society generally, among the proximate, if not immediate, results of the Art-Treasures Exhibition of 1857.

REVIEWS.

BRIALMONT'S HISTORY OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.*

OUR readers will remember a controversy in the *Times* about a passage in this book, between the author and Sir W. Napier, which called out a number of old Peninsular men in defence of the honour of the British arms. The author affirmed, and Sir W. Napier denied, that the French cavalry had broken two of our squares at Fuentes d'Onoro. The controversy was begun by Sir W. Napier somewhat in that spirit which has become too familiar to the readers both of his and of his brother's productions, and which seems to show, on the part of those who exhibit it, a forgetfulness that it is possible to unite personal courage with a chivalrous courtesy towards others. It was concluded by M. Brialmont's calling on Sir W. Napier and handsomely admitting the inaccuracy of the statement. The error was not a very disgraceful one—the tradition being, we believe, firmly held and cherished in the French army, and being even alluded to without positive denial by our own writer, Captain Nolan. We should be ashamed, and M. Brialmont would be equally ashamed, to cite M. Thiers's concurrence as a palliation of any erroneous statement, much more as an authority for its truth.

From this controversy, however, an impression may have arisen that M. Brialmont's book is characterized by unfairness towards the English. We are anxious, in justice to a writer of a very high moral stamp, to correct this impression. The book is characterized by its singular and admirable fairness towards the Duke and towards his armies, and on that account alone would be well deserving of attention. M. Brialmont thoroughly appreciates the character and qualities of Wellington, both military and civil; and, without throwing off the feelings of a Frenchman, he acknowledges on all occasions, and in the heartiest manner, the exploits performed under the Duke's command by the British arms, even when those exploits were most disastrous and humiliating to France. With regard to the fiercely disputed and almost doubtful day of Fuentes d'Onoro itself, for instance, his verdict is:—

Though this battle was undecided, in the sense that the two armies retained their respective positions, and that the lower part of the village of Fuentes remained in the hands of neither party, still, on the whole, the result was favourable to Wellington, who had repulsed the enemy, and prevented supplies from being thrown into Alameda.

He also acknowledges that the French loss on this day was considerably heavier than the English. We are glad to see that he here and elsewhere admits, without hesitation, the accuracy of the English official returns of casualties, as well as our statements of numbers. Truthfulness and publicity will have their advantage over the *bulletin* system in the long run.

The issue of the battle of Toulouse is another severe touchstone of a French military historian's impartiality. The impartiality of Colonel Brialmont endures the test:—

Some writers have taken advantage of this fact (Soul's maintaining himself, and preparing for a second battle, behind a second line of defence) to insinuate that the battle of Toulouse was not lost by the French army; but this opinion cannot be sustained. Chomarin, and all those who have denied Wellington the advantage of the day, have failed to observe that Mont Rave was the true field of battle, and that the abandonment of this height constituted a defeat. To maintain that the plateau of Calmet was only an advanced position, that Soul's true line of battle was the Languedoc canal, and that the movements of the 10th must be judged as a whole in the same manner as the defence of the advanced works of a fortress which one may lose without being defeated—to maintain this is to misinterpret the facts of history, and to proclaim a complete military heresy. Besides, the Duke of Dalmatia, better informed than his maladroit apologists, never put forward the slightest claim to having won the battle of Toulouse. He never even appealed to the argument of the immense numerical superiority of the allies; and, in fact, this argument is worth very little, only 24,000 men and 52 guns having been seriously engaged on the side of Wellington. No doubt, the English had a near escape of being beaten; for if Soul had left a smaller force at Bayonne, and better supported the attack of Taupin, Beresford would have been repulsed and the battle lost; but the result is, that honourable as the battle of Toulouse may be to the French troops, it was not they that won it; history is henceforth decided on that point. It is well to vindicate the glory of one's country; but it must not be at the expense of the glory of others, nor, above all, at the expense of truth.

It is most gratifying to have the hearty testimony of a Frenchman to the generous conduct of Wellington and his army towards the inhabitants of France. After contrasting the comparative forces and achievements of Wellington with those of the Allies who entered France with half a million of men on the north and east, and were checked by Napoleon with an army smaller than that of Soul, M. Brialmont proceeds:—

But there is another superiority which he (the Duke of Wellington) has a right to claim, that which results from his liberal conduct towards the French nation. While the Allies, on the north and east, molested the inhabitants, and left traces of their barbarous hatred even on the public monuments, the hero of the Peninsula, in the south of France, set an example of respect for persons and property. Never did troops show so much consideration for their own countrymen, as the soldiers of Wellington showed for a nation with which they were at war. This will always be one of the noblest titles to glory of the British army and its illustrious chief.

We cannot refuse ourselves the satisfaction of giving another extract, in which M. Brialmont rebukes a calumny against the

Duke which has been embraced by the congenial nature, and repented in the veracious *History*, of M. Thiers. It relates to the excesses committed by the English soldiers after the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo:—

It is the duty of the historian to denounce the abuse of force, and the savage revenge of conquerors; but, while fulfilling this duty, we ought to protest against the malevolence of the writers who make the Duke of Wellington answerable for the excesses committed at Ciudad Rodrigo. "The town," says M. Thiers, "though an allied town, was pillaged, the Duke being obliged to concede this act of barbarism. We profoundly respect the English nation and its brave army, but we must be permitted to remark that there is no need of such stimulants in the case of French soldiers." In our turn, let us be permitted to observe that there is nothing, absolutely nothing, to justify this reproach addressed to the English general. As to the certificate of good conduct given to the French soldiers, it will be enough to recall the sack of Evora, those of Oporto, Leyria, Cordova, and Medina, the burning of Manresa, the massacres of Ucles, and the terrible executions of Tarragona, in reference to which M. Thiers confines himself to making this cool reflection:—"Our soldiers, yielding to a sentiment common to all troops who have taken a town by storm, regarded Tarragona as their property, and spread themselves through the houses, where they committed more mischief than pillage." There is a wide distance between this timid avowal and the rude frankness of Marshal Suchet, who says in plain words, "The assault was followed by a frightful massacre—4000 men were killed in the streets—among 10,000 or 12,000 who attempted to escape over the walls, 1000 were sabred or drowned." The historian of the *Consulate* and the *Empire*, who is so severe upon the English, ought, at the risk of displeasing his countrymen, to have noticed these horrors, which history must condemn.

It is remarkable that the sentimental M. Balzac, in his *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne*, has introduced among his soft love scenes a heartless and mendacious apology for the atrocities committed by his countrymen at Tarragona, which may form a counterpart to that which is given by M. Thiers. "The intoxication of victory," he observes, "bore a great resemblance to a pillage," and he calls it "a first moment of trouble and disorder." The sanctimonious historian, full of sermons about morality and veracity, and the sentimental novelist, spooning over the beautiful qualities of prostitutes, can find it in their shallow and sycophant hearts to defend atrocities which the manly sense of the military writer deeply abhors and emphatically condemns.

A similar calumny is repeated by M. Thiers in regard to the excesses committed after the storming of Badajoz, where, again, he asserts that the Duke was guilty of "mercilessly giving up the place to pillage," and is again confronted and rebuked by M. Brialmont. It is a pity that some one, to whom the Duke of Wellington's honour is dear, does not challenge M. Thiers at once to produce before the world his proof of these statements, and thus set the slanders at rest for ever.

M. Brialmont treats with equal contempt the calumnious insinuation that the Duke of Wellington was aware of the abdication of Napoleon at Fontainebleau when he fought the battle of Toulouse, and the hypocritical comparison of his devastation of the country round Lisbon for its defence, and with the consent and aid of its inhabitants, to the ravaging of the Palatinate by Turenne. Elsewhere, after noticing the singular humanity of the Duke towards the people with whom he had to deal in India, M. Brialmont adds:—"We must be permitted to call attention to this fact in an age when it is thought a natural thing for a general, belonging to the most civilized nation in the world, to smother in caves defenceless old men, women and children." What says the hero of Dahra to this remark?

Our readers will find M. Brialmont equally impartial and his tone equally high throughout. What is most trying to a Frenchman, he does full justice to the Duke's generalship at Waterloo, and allows him full credit for his victory. He places Napoleon above him, and, indeed, above all men of all ages, as a general; to which the only reply is, that Napoleon, with unlimited means, ended in utter disaster—that Wellington, with very limited means, ended in complete triumph—and that Wellington beat Napoleon on the only occasion on which they met. But this admiration of the great soldier of France is accompanied by a strong sense of his tyranny, his injustice, his want of magnanimity, his errors of policy, and the demoralizing effect which his system produced on the character of all around him, and of which he felt the result when he was twice deserted and betrayed by all the creatures and ministers of his power. Nor does M. Brialmont fear to say that, on the field of Waterloo, the Duke achieved the restoration of peace and the independence of the nations. In the work of M. Maurel, the civil virtues of the Duke were justly appreciated—here his military merits are appreciated with equal justice. M. Brialmont's book does honour to England; but if courageous and magnanimous veracity is honourable to a nation, it does equal honour to France.

BRAZILIAN POETRY.*

THERE are some nations too small to possess anything independent, except a name. Perhaps at one time they may have had a history, but they have not grown with the world about them, and must now accept from others the laws which they once assisted to give. The splendid two centuries of Sweden, from the first Vasa down to Charles XII., are like the scutcheon of a noble house—a graceful ornament, but without a meaning. Bernadotte was nothing to modern Europe but a captain of *condottieri*, and Teguer's poems are only read in

* *Histoire du Duc de Wellington*. Par A. Brialmont. Paris: Charles Tanquer. Embrasse: E. Guyot et Stapleaux Frs. 1856.

* *Cantos*. Collecção de Poemas de A. Gonçalves Dias. London: Trübner and Co.

translations. The men have not degenerated, but greater and stronger powers thrust out the weak. Portugal has shared the common fate in an even greater degree than the Northern nations. It was one of the first pioneers of India and the New World, and its possessions in the Southern Seas are now merely nominal. It fought bravely in the struggle against Napoleon, and the freedom it had learned to prize was frittered away under the misrule of a foolish woman and a petty German Prince. We in England think kindly of our old ally, and welcome the little promise of reform that has broken out from time to time with Saldanha's Ministry, or with the accession of a young, and it is said, a liberal King. But we never connect the ideas of progress or of literature with the land which once produced Vasco de Gama and Camoens.

Simply, therefore, as a matter of curiosity, the appearance of a volume of Portuguese poetry, which has reached a second edition, deserves our notice. But the poems of Senhor Diaz have other titles to attention. He is a Brazilian by birth, and fills the chair of Brazilian History at Rio de Janeiro. He has drawn on the annals of his native country for materials, and a part of his poems are distinctly American. They come, too, before the European public with the recommendation of a highly flattering notice from Herculano, the most distinguished Portuguese author of the day. Some of his criticism is so curious, and so lights up the relations of the two countries, that, if only for that reason, it deserves to be quoted. "In Portugal, the spirits whom the old poet spoke of as 'happily born,' those who yet try to take refuge in the sanctuary of science or poetry from the sea of acrid corruption that encircles us, through their generous efforts succeed in deceiving Europe with these aspirations after the future, which, even in them, are nothing but an illusion. Their attempts almost make it be believed that there still remains for this dying people a hope of regeneration—that we have yet a destiny to accomplish, before we shroud ourselves in the banner of Don John I., or the pennant of Vasco de Gama, and lay ourselves down at last to rest in the sepulchre of history. But the disenchantment comes quickly. What remains now of that impetuous company, ambitious of a pure glory, which began to practise itself in the lists of thought? Of all this, of all that brilliant and hopeful youth, what remains? Some solitary believer who deplores in silence and remains out of so many archangels. The other priests, apostatizing from the religion of letters, have hurried to the arena of factions, and are stained with the venom of civil hatred.—Brazil is the modern Sparta, to which Portugal is the modern Helos. In that country of hopes, full of vigour and of life, there is an echo of earnest work which falls in sadness on us in this land where all is ending. The periodical publications—the first expression of a literature which is disentangling itself—begin to take rank with compositions of more substance—with books. Add to this another fact, that Brazil is the principal market for the little that is printed among ourselves, and it will be easy to conjecture that our emancipated colonies are rapidly surpassing us in the domain of letters, as well as in importance and prosperity."

Senhor Herculano proceeds to notice with high praise the American Poems, which were the first published, and which form part of the present volume. "Imperfections of language, metre, and style," which the critic good-naturedly imputes to want of experience in a young man, will hardly weigh with a foreign public against the praise of "noble inspirations," if the epithet be deserved. We prefer to follow in the track of the reviewer, and transcribe a portion of the poem, "Her Eyes," which Senhor Herculano speaks of as "one of the most delicious lyrical compositions which I have read in my life." This praise, however, will scarcely be justified by any English imitation, for no translation can give an idea of the easy grace of the original in which thoughts sparkle out through the words, like jewels under lace:—

Her eyes, so lovely, so pure, so bright,
They are never the same,
Now shining clear with a quiet light,
Now volcanoes of flame.

At times so gentle their scattered beams,
So soft and deep,
I seem to gaze through a blinding haze,
And those sad eyes, where the tear half gleams,
Draw me, too, to weep.

As a little child, that was sleeping securely,
Starts up with a cry,
Then questioning, musing, but mutely, demurely,
Is puzzled it knows not why.

To the innocent sense of the infant, the maid,
Come sounds on the gale
From a harp above; the breathings of love;
And the soul, shrinking back in virginal dread,
Puts on tears as a veil.

Are they signs of greeting or wishes that rise
To the home of light;
I love those causeless teardrops in eyes
That weep, and are bright.

This is pretty poetry, though it does not affect to be of the highest order. The extracts which Senhor Herculano gives from what are called the American poems are rather curious than interesting. The war-song of an Indian chief can only express exultation and self-reliance in their most vulgar forms; for the great ideas which animate a modern war, and the various and

intense feelings which it calls up—generosity, pity, and domestic love—are the products of civilization. A few verses therefore about squaws and braves, and scalps and tomahawks, studded with a few picturesque or euphonious names, such as "The Howling Wind" or "Tupinambá," are as much as common taste can endure to read; and latterly a sort of pre-Homeric school in poetry has rather overdone us with sprawling epics and disjointed odes, which the Red Men could never have written, and could not now understand. The best praise we can give to productions of this sort in the pages before us is, that a questionable success in the affectation of Indian characteristics is redeemed by very genuine beauties of modern thought. Revivals of another kind are a series of small poems in the style of the old metrical chronicles or ballads. These are often pleasant reading, especially when they contain the kernel of a legend; but they are told too diffusely to be quoted or reproduced at length. We pass on, therefore, to the later poems, and take an "Epitaph on an Infant":—

Here lies the garment which a spirit put off,
A soul of heaven that grew 'mid bitterness,
Like a flower among thorns. O passer-by,
Inquire not who I was—a painted cloud,
Which in a moment melted in life's sea;
A burst of dawn whose sun hath never set;
A real life above—on earth a dream—
A fresh rose on the waters of existence,
Borne to the shores that stretch eternally,
To the great ruler God a gift of love.
Inquire not who I was—weep not—pass on.

There is a profusion of imagery and ornament about the poems in this little volume, which is partly attributable to the author's youth (for Senhor Diaz began to publish at twenty-three), but is even more, we think, characteristic of Peninsular poetry in general. The fervid temperament and luxuriant fancy of the South have been intensified by long intercourse with the East—Asiatic blood still flows in the veins of the men who expelled the Moors. Fortunately, the decorations, although profuse, have always a meaning, and a connexion with the text—they are something more than a mere string of spangles. Indeed, "the spasmodic school," which one or two second-rate journals have puffed into notice among ourselves, does not appear to have influenced Senhor Diaz—whatever is morbid in his writings is distinctly Byronic.

Thus, for instance, we regret to learn that not unfrequently—

A bitter smile,
Funereal and sad, sits on the lips

of one who in general writes so pleasantly; though the end of the poem relieves us with the announcement that, as the poet's "heart is embalmed by the perfume of an angelic soul," he is now able "to support life and the weight of an useless existence." Surely Senhor Diaz ought to perceive that such confessions, if true, ought only to be made to a friend who is a second self, and if false, are worse than contemptible. Personal weaknesses, like crimes, do not admit of being idealized, and are no worthy subjects of art. But passages of this kind are happily few in number. The religious poems strike us generally as weak—they are meditations in verse, but little more. The nearest parallel we know to them is in some of Victor Hugo's feeble efforts. But as a "Hymn to my Tomb" appears to be a favourite with the author, an extract from it will probably give a good idea of his success in this line:—

How gloriously does life unfold itself
To him who knocks at the eternal gates,
Where slant the shadows of eternity;
Whose last long gaze looks out, upon the world,
The sear and yellow leaf, the crumbling stone,
The field flower, the music of the fount,
And songsters of the sky, the joyous birds,
Of varied plumage, and the winds that sigh,
When night begins, and those that wait in dawn,
The stars, the sun, the sea, the heaven, the earth,
All hath its sympathy with me; yea, all
In multitudinous unison distinct,
Thrills back the answer to our secret thoughts,
And tells the dying man life's mystery.

What matters it, if not a single crowing,
A single leaf of laurel bloom for me
To tell my name, and draw the curious gaze
Of ages and dominions yet unborn,
I am a bird of passage, one that skims to stardust and ash,
The surface of a lake, and vainly stamps
A fleeting shadow on the crystal wave.
I do not care though laurels bloom not for me,
Yet I confess I wish some tears should fall
Upon my lowly sepulchre, that so
My dry bones, thrilling at the grateful touch,
May glow with fresh sensation.

The best pieces in this volume are the little poems of love and sentiment, which scarcely bear to be translated. The lighter grace of the original the more important do the differences of words become. It is the play of pretty features, and the expression of rapid glances, that a copyist always despairs of fixing or imitating. Altogether, Senhor Diaz's volume is highly creditable to the author. It is not, perhaps, too great a compliment, to say that in all essential respects it is superior to most of Longfellow and all of Redwitz. The literature of the new Transatlantic empire has opened with happy auspices.

RUSKIN'S ELEMENTS OF DRAWING.*

WHO does not know what a trial of temper it is to "sit under," as the saying is, a conceited, intemperate, or illogical preacher? One can bear with a good deal of nonsense, if the speaker is modest and unassuming in mind and manner. Deep and original thought, and the power of expressing it, are rare gifts, and no one is to be blamed for not possessing them. But we may fairly expect in every one who teaches others, simplicity, charity, and moderation. Hence most of us feel that it is taking an unfair advantage of his position, when a pulpit orator goes beyond his depth—dogmatizing about prophecy, for instance, or declaiming upon politics, without giving us a chance of rejoinder—especially when he puts his bad logic interrogatively, and it is as much as the sense of propriety will do to hinder his hearers from replying with a loud negative to his absurd or inconsequent conclusions.

One is little less chafed in reading Mr. Ruskin's last published volume on the Elements of Drawing. Not that the author has not something to say, and some right, as well as power, to say it with authority. But why should he irritate his readers by the most lofty assumption of superior knowledge, the most contemptuous pity for their supposed blindness and folly, and the most audacious and egotistical dogmatism? It is true that, by casting his matter into the shape of letters "addressed to beginners," he earns the right to lecture his hearers somewhat imperiously, and to draw a broad line of demarcation between the teacher and the taught. But even a schoolboy soon learns to resent and ridicule the arrogance of a "donnish" usher, and those who pretend to teach with infallible authority seldom find it expedient to browbeat and insult their pupils. We hope, and indeed we believe, that Mr. Ruskin, as a practical teacher of drawing in the Working Men's College, where for some time he has instructed a class at much personal sacrifice of time and trouble, is very different from the repulsive pedagogue that his book suggests. It is most unfortunate that this eloquent, honest, and far-seeing writer, when he takes pen in hand, seems to put himself into an attitude of hostility against the whole world, and to fill his ink-bottle with gall. Were it not painful, it would be amusing to observe, in the volume before us, the dictatorial spirit of the author betraying itself in nearly every page. The beginners whom he is instructing are not to allow their thoughts to wander beside or beyond the immediate lesson of their teacher. He makes an unlimited demand upon their implicit faith. They must work as he bids them, in blind confidence that they will ultimately see the reason of his prescriptions. Now we do not mean to say that this principle is altogether indefensible—at the right time, with the right people, and with respect to the right subject. But it is strange to have this method applied to the art of drawing. So far is it carried that when, at p. 116, an utterly unintelligible fragment of foliage is engraved for an exercise, a footnote is appended—not to tell you what it represents, but to "snub" your presumptuous wish to know what it means. Thus runs the note:—"This sketch is not of a tree standing on its head, though it looks like it. You will find it explained presently." And, accordingly, in the course of the following letter, the reader learns that the mysterious specimen of vegetation is the tufted growth at the root of a stone pine. In another place, Mr. Ruskin quietly remarks—"I never allow my own pupils to ask the reason of anything." Again, his third Letter opens with the following sentence:—"My dear reader,—If you have been obedient, and have hitherto done all that I have told you, I trust it has not been without much subdued remonstrance, and some serious vexation." But the dogmatism of the author reaches its climax in an appendix at the end of the volume, in which he lays down for his docile pupils not only the masters whom they may safely admire, but the books which they may safely possess. It is one thing to give counsel, whether in literature or in art, as to the preference of what is pure and noble and instructive. It is another to prescribe, with uncharitable absence of discrimination, all such painters or authors as have aimed at, or reached, a somewhat lower standard. Listen to the Index Expurgatorius of art:—

You may look, with trust in their being always right, at Titian, Veronese, Tintoret, Giorgione, John Bellini, and Velasquez; the authenticity of the picture being of course established for you by proper authority. You may look with admiration, admitting however question of right and wrong, at Van Eyck, Holbein, Perugino, Francia, Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Vandyck, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, and the modern Præ-Raphaelites. You had better look at no other painters than these, for you run a chance, otherwise, of being led far off the road, or into grievous faults, by some of the other great ones, as Michael Angelo, Raphael and Rubens; and of being besides corrupted in taste by the base ones, as Murillo, Salvator, Claude, Gaspar Poussin, Teniers, and such others. You may look, however, for examples of evil with safe universality of reprobation, being sure that everything you see is bad, in Domenichino, the Caracci, Bronzino, and the figure pieces of Salvator.

This is sweeping, and will disgust most right-thinking persons, even though they may be of opinion that the matter of the criticism is less offensive than its manner. For our own part, we protest against a hyper-papal intolerance, whether it be in art or religion. So far from modifying any of his former attacks on great and venerable names, Mr. Ruskin endorses them all in his present volume:—

I believe all my blame to be trustworthy, having never yet had occa-

sion to repent of one depreciatory word that I have ever written, while I have often found that, with respect to things I had not time to study closely, I was led too far by sudden admiration, helped perhaps by peculiar associations or other deceptive accidents; and this the more, because I never care to check an expression of delight, thinking the chances are that, even if mistaken, it will do more good than harm; but I weigh every word of blame with scrupulous caution. I have sometimes erased a strong passage of blame from second editions of my books; but this was only when I found it offended the reader without convincing him, never because I repented of it myself.

It may be said, however, and with reason, that Mr. Ruskin's idiosyncrasy is well known, and that no one will expect to find in his pages any signs of a genial, humble, or tolerant spirit. Having renewed our protest, therefore, against the tone which so much offends us in his writings, let us turn to the more pleasant task of recognising that which is good and useful and eloquently said in the volume before us.

How far a diligent study of the present treatise, and the practice of its exercises, would succeed in giving a learner an acquaintance with the art of drawing, we have no means of judging. The principles here enunciated go counter to the ordinary rules of drawing-masters, and we confess that we are inclined to give them our adhesion. We sympathize with Mr. Ruskin in his dislike of what is called "force" and the broad style in drawing, and in his condemnation of the tricks and conventional expedients of superficial execution. He is right, too, in his paradoxical statement that the perfection of drawing consists in the gradation of shade, and not in outline. No pupil in his class, he says, is ever allowed to draw an outline, in the ordinary sense. "It is pointed out to him from the first that Nature relieves one mass, or one tint, against another; but outlines none." In fact, we think that no thoughtful person can read this very suggestive book without deriving great profit, if not in the mechanical part of drawing, yet at least in the education of his eye for the criticism of the works of other artists, and for the intelligent apprehension of Nature's own drawing in the visible world around him. We have long been of opinion that the deadness of uneducated minds to the beauties of natural scenery is owing to the absence of any cultivation of the faculty of observation. People know little of form, and little of colour, till they have been taught the elements of drawing; and this beautiful art is far less useful in its direct results of manual skill than in its indirect effect in the training of the eye itself to observe, to discriminate, and to remember. Mr. Ruskin well expresses this truth:—

I am nearly convinced that when once we see keenly enough there is very little difficulty in drawing what we see; but even supposing that this difficulty be still great, I believe that the sight is a more important thing than the drawing; and I would rather teach drawing that my pupils may learn to love nature, than teach the looking at nature that they may learn to draw. It is surely also a more important thing for young people and unprofessional students to know how to appreciate the art of others, than to gain much power in art themselves.

This is the key to the present essay; and, without pledging ourselves to agreement with all the author's arguments, fancies, or conclusions, we may safely say that his guidance in the study and observation of external nature, in its aspects both of form and colour, is in the highest degree interesting and instructive. And, as might be expected, some of his descriptive passages are admirable specimens of prose-poetry, fully equal to the most brilliant flights of his former works, and thoroughly deserving quotation.

The scope and nature of the treatise render a minute summary of its contents little suitable for these pages. The opening letter is entitled "On First Practice," and deals with the elements of graduated shading and colouring, and the methods of delineation suitable for natural objects, especially foliage. Letter II., on "Sketching from Nature," touches briefly on many of the topics illustrated at greater length by the author in various parts of his *Modern Painters*. Several of Turner's etchings are adduced as illustrations of the highest skill in landscape art, and are ingeniously and instructively analysed. The final letter, on "Colour and Composition," is subdivided into sections treating of various principles of good design, which are somewhat arbitrarily termed the Laws of Primality, Repetition, Continuity, Curvature, Radiation, Contrast, Interchange, Consistency, and Harmony. The woodcut illustrations are spirited and original. As in all Mr. Ruskin's writings, arguments and conclusions of very unequal value are found treated with equal particularity, and oftentimes observations of the deepest truth and most piercing insight stand in conjunction with trifling or far-fetched analogies. A discriminating reader must select the pearls. Here is one of them, in almost too ornate a setting:—

As you draw trees more and more in their various states of health and hardness, you will be every day more struck by the beauty of the types they present of the truths most essential to mankind to know; and you will see what this vegetation of the earth, which is necessary to our life, first, as purifying the air for us, and then as food, and just as necessary to our joy in all places of the earth,—what these trees and leaves, I say, are meant to teach us as we contemplate them, and hear or read their lovely language, written or spoken for us, not in frightful black letters, nor in dull sentences, but in fair green and shadowy shapes of waving words, and blossomed brightness of odoriferous wit, and sweet whispers of unintrusive wisdom, and playful morality.

Here is another characteristic passage—none the less so for its fling at the supposed follies of those who study the scientific laws of colour:—

If ever any scientific person tells you that two colours are "discordant," make a note of the two colours, and put them together whenever you can. I have actually heard people say that blue and green were discordant; the two colours which nature seems to intend never to be separated, and never to be

* *The Elements of Drawing.* In Three Letters to Beginners. By John Ruskin, M.A., Author of "Modern Painters," &c. With Illustrations drawn by the Author. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

felt, either of them, in its full beauty without the other!—a peacock's neck, or a blue sky through green leaves, or a blue wave with green lights through it, being precisely the loveliest things, next to clouds at sunrise, in this coloured world of ours. If you have a good eye for colours, you will soon find out how constantly nature puts purple and green together, purple and scarlet, green and blue, yellow and neutral grey, and the like; and how she strikes these colour-concords for general tones, and then works into them with innumerable subordinate ones; and you will gradually come to like what she does, and find out new and beautiful chords of colour in her work every day.

We must make room for one more quotation. We had marked many fine passages, but we give the preference to the following, not only because of its extraordinary minute word-painting of such commonplace objects as grass and stones, but because it enforces a most important principle in drawing,—viz., the necessity of clearly perceiving the "vital truth" of an object, or its "fateful lines,"—expressions used elsewhere by Mr. Ruskin—before one attempts to sketch it:—

Now, I want you in your first sketches from Nature to aim exclusively at understanding and representing those vital facts of form—saying to yourself before you lay on a single touch,—“that leaf is the main one, that bough is the guiding one, and this touch, so long, so broad, means that part of it”—point, or side, or knot, as the case may be. Resolve always, as you look at the thing, what you will take, and what miss of it, and never let your hand run away with you, or get into any habit or method of touch. If you want a continuous line, your hand should pass calmly from one end of it to the other without a tremor; if you want a shaking and broken line, your hand should shake or break off as easily as a musician's finger shakes or stops on a note; only remember this, that there is no general way of doing anything; no recipe can be given you for so much as the drawing of a cluster of grass. The grass may be ragged or stiff, or tender and flowing—sunburnt and sheep-bitten, or rank and languid—fresh or dry, lustrous or dull. Look at it, and try to draw it as it is, and don't think how “somebody told you to do grass.” So a stone may be round or angular, polished or rough, cracked all over like an ill-glazed teacup, or as united and broad as the breast of Hercules. It may be as flaky as a wafer, as powdery as a field puff-ball; it may be knotted like a ship's hawser, or knoed like hammered iron, or knit like a Damascus sabre, or fused like a glass bottle, or crystallised like hoar frost, or veined like a forest-leaf. Look at it, and don't try to remember how anybody told you to “do a stone.”

This admirable advice was given to the author by Mulready as the secret of all success in art, in the pithy dictum “Know what you have to do;” and the apophthegm deserves to be written in letters of gold in other workplaces than the studio. All purposeless labour, we may be sure, is labour lost.

And here we must pause, though we should have liked to enlarge, among other things, on Mr. Ruskin's protests against lustre and shininess, and against aerial perspective, on his preference for French over English landscapes, and his disrespect for English village-church architecture. There is probably great truth in his explanation of the prevalence of that “strange grey gloom, accompanied by considerable power of effect,” which he finds in all modern French art. Mr. Ruskin attributes this to the too frequent use of the black convex mirror—“one of the most pestilent inventions for falsifying nature and degrading art which ever was put into an artist's hand.” His readers will not be surprised at his high laudation of William Hunt, of the Old Water Colour Society, nor at his verdict that Turner and Rossetti are the two best colourists of modern times. Special praise should be given to a fine passage about cloud scenery, and to a most finished and truthful description of a north-country village, suggested by Turner's drawing of the “Lancaster Sands.” Another instance of truly poetical writing is the description of the incoming tide, as shown in Turner's “Calais;” while the account of the dog, in a picture by Veronese in the Louvre, is a capital specimen of humour. It is with mixed feelings that we take leave of this acute, thoughtful, and amusing, but exaggerated, inconsistent, and arrogant book.

RELIGIOUS NOVELS IN GERMANY.*

THE didactic novel appears to be the peculiar heritage of this generation. It is a hybrid composition against which a great many objections may be urged; and plenty of literary purists have been found to urge them. Nothing spoils a tale like a moral purpose. As soon as the verisimilitude of the characters and the plot become, not the first, but the second consideration, they necessarily suffer in their truth to nature. It is impossible to make a story point a moral without making the actors in it incarnations of the qualities which the author intends to reprobate or praise. These objections are perfectly true, but they are not the less unfair; and their unfairness lies in treating a didactic novel as if it were a literary performance. It would be just as sensible to measure a Royal speech by a literary standard. The one and the other have an object beyond and above artistic excellence. If a Royal speech makes a favourable impression, or if a novel succeeds in educating the conscience of a single human being, the authors of them may patiently bear the reproach of a literary failure.

Whatever may be, however, the merits of the didactic novel, it is rapidly monopolizing the religious teaching of women of the educated classes. It has no competitor in the field. “Mysteries” are out of date, and “Serious Calls” have ceased to sell; and as for sermons, long years of dulness have taught people to look upon them as only one among the many oppressive forms to which decency requires a civilized being to submit—like ad-

miring your neighbour's children, or leaving cards on the people you detest. The remarkable feature in this new growth of religious literature is that it is by no means confined to England, peculiar as England is in most matters which concern religion. The limits of its territory appear to be, not those of England, but those of Protestantism. It is gaining almost as great a power, and achieving as wide a popularity, in Germany as with us. That it should droop in Roman Catholic climates is scarcely to be wondered at; for the burden of its teaching is that everybody is to influence his neighbour for good, and the Roman Church objects to anybody having influence over his neighbour, except the priests, who do not read novels.

The two works that lie before us enjoy a considerable popularity among the young ladies of Germany, and are both highly religious, though in a very different key. The *Diary of a Poor Gentlewoman* is the record of the experiences of a young governess who takes a situation in a noble house. The tale is mainly a tale of the inner life, and therefore the incidents are few and not very new. The young governess quarrels with the lady of the house, who is living with her brother—gains a marvellous influence over everybody else—converts the aunt, the housemaid, the footman, the forester, and the clergyman's wife—and ultimately receives the reward of virtue by marrying the aforesaid brother. It would perhaps be fastidious to complain of the parental overseership confided to the young lady of eighteen; for it is a catholic tradition among religious novel-writers, that it is the mission of young ladies of eighteen to convert the world in general and their parents in particular. But if the angelic young governess is intended as a pattern for imitation, we doubt the expediency of teaching young ladies that a wealthy marriage is the proper reward of exerting influence for good. We fear that the means will be forgotten in the end, and that the beams of religious influence will, by a strange coincidence, be concentrated on eldest sons. The book, however, is guilty of a fault which is far more serious, because it belongs to an entire religious party. The microscopic self-analysis—the chronicle of temptation, and sin, and penitence—the record of every phase of religious feeling, every devout ecstasy, every fervid aspiration—are so elaborate as to form in effect the substance of the work. This unreserve is bad enough in an isolated case—far worse when it becomes the catchword of a school. Whatever the piety which prompted such effusions, they are apt to lose all that gives them value when put into the printer's hands—their life evaporates too rapidly for them to be hawked about on publishers' book-shelves for what they will bring. Unction is the most offensive form of religious putrefaction; and into unction “experiences” inevitably run as soon as capital can be made out of them, whether on the platform or the counter. In spite of these defects, however, the book shows many indications of talent which fairly earn the favour with which it has been received. The ease with which character is brought out in the minutest incidents of daily life reminds the English reader of Miss Austen's manner; and the authoress possesses, in a considerable degree, one of the rarest of a novelist's powers—the power of bringing a scene vividly before the eye by a few slight strokes. The religious portion of the book presents a strange medley to an Englishman's eyes. The perplexity with which some light of Exeter Hall would read it would be very much akin to the puzzled helplessness of the Evangelical Alliance when they were called on to worship in the Prussian church, and to offer up prayers of the most irreproachable orthodoxy in front of the idolatrous crucifix and the accursed candles. In the same way the hymns and the prayers with which this book abounds might have been composed by Dr. Cumming himself; but side by side with them appear disturbing celebrations of festivals and saints' days, of Advent and Lent, and even references to a confessor! But there is much in the ecclesiastical condition of Germany which would perplex a London controversialist. What would the litigants on both sides of the great St. Barnabas case have said if they had known that the ritual points for which they were contending with such acharnement were, in reality, much more closely akin to the forms of Lutheranism than to those of Rome? *—Lancaster Herald.*

Madame Ottilie Wildermuth is a religionist of a sterner and more practical school. *Swabian Portraits and Tales* are a series of sketches, some of them exquisitely humorous, of the strongly marked manners and customs of the inhabitants of the Valley of the Neckar. Sometimes they are in the form of individual portraits—sometimes they follow the fates of some castle or cloister—sometimes they lengthen into the dimensions of a fully developed story. A few of them belong to the present day; but she dwells with more pleasure on the past, the days of the Thirty-years' War, or the “bag-wig age,” or the War of Liberation. Her style is quiet and refined, and she scrupulously avoids artfully constructed plots or exciting incidents; but a constant vein of sarcasm saves the tameness of her story from degenerating into tediousness, and her pictures are so lifelike that it is impossible not to believe that most of them were drawn from a living model. She is very happy in her hearty descriptions of vintage feasts, and such-like genial festivities—still more so in depicting the absurdities of the stiff old German etiquette. Here is a description of the daily dinner in the office of a *Stadt-schreiber*, or town-clerk of the olden time:—*—[in the original.]*

The best view of the collective personnel of the office was to be had at table, where all assembled for dinner at the sound of the bell or the call of the maid-servant, and after a prayer and a hymn for grace, arranged themselves in their

* *Tagebuch einer armen Fräuleins*. Halle: Muhlmann. *Bilder und Geschichten aus Schwaben*. Von Ottilie Wildermuth. Stuttgart: Krabbe. 1857.

appointed rank and order. At the top naturally presided the Stadtschreiber, a stately, well-fed figure; on his right the Frau Stadtschreiberin, an extremely courteous little woman; and then the guests of the day, of whom the house was seldom empty, followed by the daughters of the family. Then began the row of clerks. First came the Deputy, who was honoured with two plates, and even a napkin with a bead-worked ring round it. It was strongly suspected that this last was a present from Miss Caroline, the second daughter, for whose hand he dared to hope, if only Mina, the eldest and plainest of the daughters, could be provided for; for the Frau Stadtschreiberin was firmly resolved "not to eat the oats before the spelt." Next came the Sub-deputy, who had also two plates, but no napkin; after him the other clerks, who, in default of a title, were addressed by their names; and last of all, on a common kitchen-stool, the Probationer, who had to be always ready to reach anything to anybody. But you might tell the descending scale by the wine bottles with which each place was provided, still better than by the seats. Before the master's place at the top there was nothing but the bright glass. The bottles of *recherché* wine with which he and his guests were served, stood somewhat in the background, so that no one might be able to remark how much the "Herr Prinzipal" was pleased to take. The Deputy and the Sub-deputy were provided with a bottle of red table wine apiece; and then came a graduated row of still smaller bottles of a paler and more doubtful colour, and sharper flavour, till the ranks were closed by the Probationer's half-pint of cider.

During the meal, seldom did any of the subordinates dare to open their mouths, except to answer when they were spoken to. Only the two deputies carried on a conversation with the master and mistress of the house, concerning the news of the town, or ventured now and then on a joke with the daughters, or with the guests, who often consisted of young ladies. After soup, meat, and vegetables were removed, the Deputy rose with a full glass: "Herr Stadtschreiber, I have the honour of drinking your health." The commanding head answered with a gracious bow: "I thank you, Mr. Deputy, and wish the same to you." Then arose the Sub-deputy with a similar speech, and received for answer, "Thank you, Mr. Sub-deputy." Like an echo the speech rang from mouth to mouth. The clerks were despatched with "Thanks, Herr Beutenuller, Herr Mayer," and so on. The Probationer, with his cider-glass, got nothing but an "All right." Then the whole corps beat a retreat, unless the Deputy was thought worthy of a special invitation to remain.

But notwithstanding her sarcastic tone, it is evident that her leaning is to the customs of bygone times. She would gladly bring back the women of this generation to the wholesomer times when the Hausfrau gave herself up to knitting and sewing, the care of the cows and the pigs, and the oversight of the morals of the housemaids; and when young ladies were content to take the husbands whom their parents chose, without asking any questions about love. And she is merciless in her sarcasms on the "sorrows à la Werther," the "clouded futures," and "blighted lives," which German ladies look on as the necessary pastime of their youth, as well as on the "unions," and "associations," and endless philanthropies which engross their matronly years. The modern discovery of regenerating the world through the medium of Ladies' Committees finds no favour in her eyes. Her contrast between a wife of the olden and a wife of the modern time is one of the most amusing pieces in the book. The modern wife is an excellent woman, but incessantly engaged in associations for the relief of destitute girls, or the education of foundlings, or in collecting money for the liberation of Schleswig Holstein, or hearing lectures on the genius of Sophocles. Of course she never goes near the nursery or the kitchen, and the result is a series of domestic mishaps. Among them are the misdeeds of a governess whom she has engaged to take care of her daughters, and who is remarkable not only for her virtuous sentiments, but also for her poetical and romantic character. The result is disclosed in a conversation between the mother and a daughter of sixteen, which is worth extracting:—

The mother was sitting by the bed of her sick sleeping child, and thinking on many things—but not on associations—when came Nathalie softly, with her night-light. "What are you still up, child?" "Yes, mother," began Nathalie, much embarrassed. "I want to ask you something." "What is it, child?" "Mother," said the girl, anxiously, "tell me, can it be that I am in love with Ludwig, the apothecary's boy?" "You, child!" cried the horrified mother. "Indeed," sobbed the girl, "Clara says so, and that I can never forget him all my life long. Oh! mother, is it true; and can I never have any one else? And he is so stupid." The poor child cried enough to sicken a stone. "But, child," asked the mother, distracted, "what makes you think this?" "... Some weeks ago, while I was practising the new Serbian melodies, and afterwards while I was changing the water in my flower-pot, Ludwig stood below. 'What is that blockhead doing there?' I asked of Clara. Then she looked at me so strangely and deeply—oh! I cannot tell you how—and said, 'Nathalie, do you not know what silent love is?' 'Yes, I know,' said I. Then she pointed to where Ludwig stood, and whispered in my ear—

'Und so sass er viele Tage
Viele Jahre lang
Harrend ohne Schmerz und Klage
Bis das Fenster klang.'

And she talked to me like this for many days after. How Ludwig had an unspeakable love for me, and stood for hours long in the cold night to hear the sound of my voice. At last she plagued me to throw him just one flower; and I did that twice. And she left me no peace till I threw him down a lock of my hair—that was his greatest wish. But you know that I do not wear curls, and I would not cut off any of my hair; but I had combed out a good deal, and some of that I once threw down. I have never once spoken with Ludwig. Lately, when I was fast asleep, she came with a light to my bedside; I woke up, and she said with a solemn voice, 'Nathalie, thou lovest.' 'I' said I. 'Whom, then?' 'Thou lovest Ludwig, and thou wilt love him to all eternity.' I cried at this, and would not believe it, for he did not please me at all; but she proved it to me clearly, and told me that because I had thrown him flowers and a lock of my hair, I belonged to him for all eternity. And it was so horrible! I have been so unhappy all this last week. ... But tell me, mother," sobbed the child, "I don't love Ludwig, and I don't belong to him altogether, do I?" "Of course not, you simpleton! Ludwig is a silly youth, and probably wishes for you as little as you do for him." "Yes, yes! that may be," exclaimed Nathalie, much relieved, and she went comforted to bed. ... Ludwig was examined the next morning, and told nearly the same story. Clara had spoken to him in the house and on his lonely botanical rambles, and assured him how much Nathalie loved him, and how

she lamented that he never came under the window when she sang. So at last, with great sorrow of heart, he had begun these window parades, and carried home the flowers, "but not the hair."

Throughout all her stories, Madame Wildermuth keeps constantly in view the religious aim with which she is evidently writing; but it does not break out into the fervent ecstasies of the *Diary*. She belongs to an older and better school of religious teachers, who are fast being argued out of existence in these days of religious wrangle. Descriptions of emotion are not put forward as tests of piety—her characters, when they are religious, show it, not in fervour, but in unassuming usefulness. There is a good deal in her *beau idéal* of piety that is characteristic of her nation—it is genial and jovial, and is largely compounded of *Lebenslust* and *Lebensfreude*. It smacks strongly of that fat, unascetic devotion which is eminently Teutonic, and which made Luther so thoroughly a representative man. But it is still more strongly imbued with common-sense, which we are not wont to consider as an eminently German quality, and which, so far as religion is concerned, is becoming rare enough even in England, which is supposed to be its special habitation.

THE ATOMIC THEORY, PHYSICAL AND CHEMICAL.*

AFTER a long sojourn in the realms of pure experiment, and a corresponding neglect of theory, the scientific world seems fast approaching to a re-discussion of its primary conceptions. We anticipate great advantages from this tendency of the intellect of our time. In modern days, the Inductive method has apparently been a little over-worked. Every experimentalist is not equally a sharer in the spirit which animated Bacon; and but few seem to partake in that vision of a harmony of all sciences, that desire for a just co-ordination both of the various truths of nature and of the various faculties of man, which belonged especially to the author of the *Advancement of Learning*.

The Inductive method, however, may have certain tendencies of its own, against which it would be well to be on our guard. It is not through the elaborate cultivation of a minute plot of ground—important as such a work may be—but rather by a large review of the widening landscape of knowledge, that great truths unfold themselves to an inquirer. But a large proportion of our scientific investigators are relapsing into habits of mind anything but favourable to the attainment of great discoveries. The true faculty which discovers is not always minutely accurate when accuracy implies timidity—it is not bound in shallows by the mere etiquette and ceremonial of an "inductive method." Patient and laborious though it be, it does not desist from a search because labour and logic are resultless, but it takes the wings of imagination. It is not always creeping like the ant—spoils, like the bee, it gathers:—

Protinus aerii mellis celestia dona,

We are indebted, in fact, for most striking glimpses into nature to men whose ordinary pursuits and predominant faculties might seem to have unfitted them, at first view, for the proper cultivation of science. For instance, we have obtained from a Goethe more enlarged views as to the structure of plants than almost all the contemporary botanists were able to afford.

An opinion seems to prevail, or rather to be tacitly assumed, that the great leading principles of science having already been sufficiently elucidated, it remains only to pursue the ramifications and the minutie. On this is placed the justification of much of that one-sided piecemeal which, in our view, has gone to such an extent as to embarrass the progress of science. But is the assumption a true one? We are very much inclined to doubt it, and would willingly refer the question for decision to a Faraday, a Herschel, or a Humboldt. We very much question if the sciences, however complete in their internal elaboration, have yet arrived at an adjustment of their outward relations, either towards each other as a sisterhood, or towards whatever may outlie them in other quarters of the intellectual world. Our separate physical sciences are like a fleet of noble ships, each tolerably complete in her equipments from stem to stern, and carrying a large quantity of canvas. But the misfortune is, they scarcely sail like a fleet—they are steering rather confusedly. Is it to the Fortunate Isles? They sometimes bear down upon one another rather closely, and some severe collisions have been heard of. On what common enterprise are they engaged—and where is the flagship among the squadron? Are they a fleet, or rather are they a crowd of vessels? The truth is, it is not by a greater perfection in the instruments, nor by a greater multiplicity in the observations, that modern science should expect to make the next steps in advance. All these are supplied to us sufficiently. What is most needed is the force, the warmth of a vital harmonizing energy, to deal with this accumulation of materials, and to vivify and combine the whole. Nor are men wanting to us capable of co-operating in the task.

We have been led to the above remarks by reflection on the atomic theory—the ideal basis of Chemistry, which represents that part of the science which is held by a non-inductive tenure. Writers on chemistry have indeed sometimes attempted, as far as possible, to clothe this doctrine with the sanction of the inductive method, but they have at the same time confessed the

* Dalton, and the History of the Atomic Theory. By Dr. R. Angus Smith.

inadequacy of these attempts. In reality, the atomic conception underlies the inductive investigations of the science. It lends them coherency and support, but it cannot itself be brought within the reach of their demonstrations. The very attempt to do so, we cannot but think, involves a fallacy. If an atom could be rendered sensible, it would thereby cease to be an atom. It would no longer answer to the conception which is necessary for the chemist. It would be *integrated*, and raised to the rank of the ordinary aggregations of matter, and, as such, would no longer be available to express the theory of its own constitution. An atom is, by hypothesis, a particle not capable of being cut. But can we avoid the inference that it is not capable of being seen?

It will easily be perceived that the atomic hypothesis is, in one sense, the most questionable part of chemistry; and though it be admitted as to its *essence*, yet, as to its *form*, it is liable to receive modifications. An hypothesis devised for chemistry alone may not be equally well adapted for the cognate fields of investigation. Does the theory at present require any such modification, or should it be accepted in the rigid form propounded by Dalton? We propose to devote the remainder of our article to this inquiry.

In passing, however, we must express some dissatisfaction with the work given us by Dr. Angus Smith. He does not attempt to discuss the questions we have indicated as to the relations of the atomic theory to the scientific problems of to-day. He gives us some slight account of Ionians and Eleatics, but not in a very edifying style. And the true predecessors of Dalton are not Epicurus and Anaximenes, but rather they are Stahl, Priestley, Lavoisier, Wenzel, Richter, Proust, and the group of which he is a member—all of whom may be considered as having advanced to the verge of his discovery, although they did not write about atoms. There is a radical generic difference between the ancient and the modern men. And the *physical* atomic theory is far from being the same thing as the *chemical* one. Considered as a memoir of Dalton, Dr. Smith's volume is singularly confused and confusing; and the defect of arrangement visible in the whole work is seen to reproduce itself, on a smaller scale, in many of the writer's awkward and floundering sentences. His heavy drift of words reminds us of the atoms of Democritus, rather than those of Dalton. In all respects we prefer the clear, terse, and very instructive *Life of Dalton* which we owe to Dr. Henry.

To resume our former train of thought. It is quite clear that the law of *chemical combination in definite proportions*, which is Dalton's great discovery, may be conceived and stated without any reference to an atomic hypothesis at all. Whatever conclusion we may come to regarding the latter, the fabric of chemistry must always repose on this law, as an undeniable inductive truth. Is the atomic doctrine then to be regarded merely as a *symbolism*, a kind of calculus, introduced merely for the convenient elucidation of this law? If we turn to some of Dalton's plates, and behold carbonic acid gas represented by a set of pips like the five of clubs, and oxygen like the ten of diamonds, we might perhaps be excused for falling into some such mistake. Certainly, we never thought to have seen them that way in the flesh. But no doubt it would be a mistake. It is not in chemistry alone, it is in every department of physical inquiry, that the conception of an atom meets us, and under many different names. "Grains," "nodules," "molecules," "vesicles," "filings," "filaments," perhaps even the "vegetable cell" itself, may be regarded as forms of this idea, which suggests itself to our senses as easily from the loose sand of an anthill as from the micaceous glitter of a mineral. Such an idea cannot be dealt with as if it were a simple hypothesis. At the same time, resting as it does very much in the position of a *surmise*, it is a subject in which the different physical sciences may well be supposed to correct and to counterbalance each other. Nay more, we think that common sense has also its protest to utter against that molecular theory which has its origin solely in the laboratory; for it seems defrauding us of that idea which nature so constantly impresses, of the *continuity* of material substance. It takes the geometrical conception of a *point*, but leaves behind it the correlative conceptions of a *line* and a *curve*, which cannot be considered as made up of ever so great a number of points, or of differential arcs. In the same way, physics forbid us to consider matter merely as an aggregation of particles. We miss the principle of continuity—that something which unites the atoms, hung like beads upon a chain. Nature wears a flowing robe—it flows over the edges of the balance, and out at the windows of the laboratory. Again, different sciences give different conceptions of the atom. After all, why should not these ultimate particles be of the nature of little bells, prisms, glancing parabolic mirrors, or fairy cups for light and heat's reception? Perhaps Oberon may rule over some, and Titania may control the others. Nor can we tell what influences may course along the threaded atoms.

But it is time we should allude to some of those facts which make the maintenance of Dalton's theory, in the form he gave it, problematical. And we think we could show by the authority of some of the first living philosophers, that there are subjects bordering on strict chemistry which that theory seems inadequate to explain. Before, however, proceeding further, we will state the very simple and the very obvious modification which, in our view, the Daltonian theory at the present moment requires; and which, in fact, we believe it to be receiving.

At present an "atom" is defined as a particle *absolutely indivisible*. Why should it not be defined, at the outset of each branch of investigation, as that particle (whether simple or compound) which, *for the purposes of that investigation, is assumed to be indivisible*?

By this change two advantages may be gained:—

1. The chemist retains his calculus and modes of thought, but freed from the burden of a difficult metaphysical discussion.

2. The conception so obtained is alterable, where necessary, to suit the requirements of any physical science, as chemistry, crystallography, magnetism, or even astronomy; for the stars themselves would be as atoms in an unresolved nebula.

In a word, we might at once resort to the conception, which has been shadowed forth in more than one quarter, of *different orders of atoms*. A bar of wrought iron, for instance, prepared to be laid down on a railway, may be a complicated body in itself, but yet may be an ultimate unit with reference to the permanent way. Of such nature may be the atoms of chemistry. And we think that the theory of "imponderables," light, heat, and electricity, makes it necessary to have recourse to such a supposition, and to descend from atom to atom. For what is meant by the "specific heat" of an atom? Its capacity to receive caloric. But does this caloric unite, atom for atom, with the substance? Surely not. Its atoms, therefore, must be thought of as indefinitely smaller. Again, what are the minute magnets of which a large magnet is composed? Atoms with regard to that magnet, but atoms, it may be presumed, only in a magnetic sense. Again, what are the octahedrons and the cubes of common salt? Atoms or not atoms? They are doubtless of an atomic nature; and, perhaps, the best atoms for crystallography.

But if, in chemistry, we gave that name to the minute precipitated crystals, what could we say about the salt while held in solution, and before precipitation takes place? It would be a pre-atomic existence. Isomorphism and Isomerism have also raised a standard of revolt. With all our respect for Professor Graham (whose authority would probably pass unquestioned in the domain of objective chemistry), we cannot but think that his reasonings on Isomorphism betray a latent inconsistency. In fact, by the Daltonian atoms, you cannot explain the isomorphism of an element with a compound body. Isomerism is a still greater difficulty, for it introduces us to large classes of substances of the same chemical constitution, but differing in their qualities, and differing even to a contrast. This necessarily has led to the idea of atomic variations not contemplated by Dalton. In conclusion, we cannot but think that by relaxing the rigidity of his theory, greater justice might perhaps be done to some of those later discoveries, the full meaning of which we are yet exerting ourselves to comprehend, as they fall upon our ears from the lips of a Faraday, a Herschel, or a Liebig. The idea of the *correlation of physical forces* is one which should especially be thought of in connexion with the Daltonian theory. And Boscovich and Spinoza might furnish useful hints—the latter when he declared *extension an attribute*, the former when he supplies us with the conception of *centres of force* as synonymous with *particles of matter*. After all, a cloud rests upon the ultimate constitution of matter, which it cannot be the office of any atomic theory to disperse. We may employ more safely the words of the old poetry—the voice of Anchises in *Averna*:—

Principio, cælum ac terram, camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titanique astræ,
Spiritus intus alit.

SEUL.

THE history of Alexander Selkirk is familiar in its general outline to most English readers, but few persons probably are acquainted with its details. In France, the subject is almost entirely new, and the volume, therefore, in which M. Saintine recounts Selkirk's adventures may be acceptable on both sides of the Channel. With the execution we must confess ourselves disappointed. The work is tinged throughout with a sentimental and melodramatic colouring entirely alien to the whole spirit of British naval adventure. And it labours under the great disadvantage which attaches to all works which are a compound of fiction and fact. We do not know when M. Saintine is romancing, and when he is only following his authorities. In his opening chapter he speaks of having consulted manuscripts, which is the usual way in which a story-teller announces that he trusts to his imagination for his facts. But undoubtedly there exist considerable materials in the voyages of Dampier and Cook for a life of Selkirk, and M. Saintine is thus enabled perpetually to interweave acknowledged facts into the texture of his fiction. This is not the sort of book we should choose on such a subject. A simple and short narrative of what is known to be true, collected from the volumes of the old voyagers, and thrown into an easy and continuous narrative, would have been preferable. The very title indicates the character of M. Saintine's work. It jars upon the tastes of Englishmen—who habitually associate with salt water a notion of roughness and homely honesty—that the narrative of the adventures of a British seaman on an uninhabited island should be designated by the theatrical title of "Alone." M. Saintine, however, is an author whose works can never fail to have considerable merits; and if *Seul* is taken on its own ground, and we are content that the writer should write in his

Paris. X. B. Saintine. Paris. 1857.

own fashion, it must be allowed that the book is a good one. The style seems to us more than usually clear and elegant; and as the subject is a suitable one, and the volume is pervaded by a spirit of mild religion, it may be very useful in England as an educational work.

A comparatively small portion of it is occupied with the adventures of Selkirk on his island, the bulk being devoted to an account of his early history, and of the circumstances which led to his being abandoned by his comrades. If we follow M. Saintine's version, this introductory story runs as follows:—Alexander Selcraig—a name which he himself afterwards altered into Selkirk—was born at Largo, in Fifeshire, about 1680, and was the son of a cobbler, attached as a confidant and steward to the person of a laird named MacYvon. The laird took part in the rising of Claverhouse, and was killed. The fortunes of the lad, who had been a pet of the laird's, were suddenly changed. His father returned to his cobbling, and the boy was nicknamed by his companions, "Sir Old Shoe," in revenge for the contempt and haughtiness with which he had treated them while his patron was alive. This insult rankled in his breast, and was the first beginning of that bitter detestation of his fellows which clung to him so long, and which resulted in his exile in the island of Juan Fernandez. After a wild boyhood he ran away to sea, and years passed without anything being heard of him. On his return, he got into a quarrel with an old buccaneer, who aspired to the hand of the landlady of a public-house—*la belle Catherine* (obligingly translated for us by M. Saintine as "Ketty-pretty"). This ruffian thought Selkirk preferred by his mistress, and in order to be rid of him, persuaded him to join an expedition which Dampier was fitting out. Selkirk consented, and his enemy sailed also as captain of one of the associated vessels. In the course of time he got Selkirk on board his ship, quarrelled with him, and having him at his mercy, owing to the general dislike among the crew of Selkirk's unsocial temper, first made one or two attempts to despatch him as if by accident, and finally left him on the island where he was "monarch of all he surveyed."

Captain Cook published an account of Selkirk's residence on the island, which lasted rather more than four years, and there is much that is interesting in the story. He was not left entirely destitute, for a gun and plenty of ammunition, and a few other necessities, had been placed in a spot where he was likely to find them. His loneliness was cheered by the company of a monkey that had been on board the ship in which he sailed, and which was left on the island with him. Unfortunately he killed the monkey by entangling it in the folds of a rope which he was using to assist him in climbing a rock. After a long interval he determined to make an effort to escape, and constructed a raft, on which he placed all his equipments; but he was washed back to his island, and everything on the raft was carried away. Thenceforward he had no resource in any of the arts of civilized man. He lived like a savage, and almost like a wild beast, and supported himself on the animals which he ran down. When he was discovered, he had lost the use of speech, and had almost entirely lost his memory. There were thus two stages in his career. In the first, he was a solitary civilized man, struggling to make himself a habitation, and to procure sustenance under circumstances of difficulty—in the second, he was a barbarian, living with and on the beasts of the field. M. Saintine attempts to trace his psychological history—his first joy at being released from the society of men whom he hated, his delight in loneliness, then his sense of oppression under the weight of solitude, then his bitter loathing of it, and lastly the succumbing of his faculties under the pressure of its horrors. To succeed in depicting this process would require great poetical power, and we cannot say that, in our opinion, M. Saintine is successful. He is a victim to two snares—the love of stage effect, and the love of petty moralizing. He also delights in childish surprises. Selkirk sees a flotilla of Indian canoes coming, and they turn out to be seals—he sees the huts of a tribe, and they are nothing but mounds made by ants. Even M. Saintine's painstaking accuracy of scenic detail is rather discouraging. He has got all the tropical plants all right, with the right coloured flowers to them, and the proper shell-fish and herbs—which is praiseworthy, but tiring. A page or two of botany is not any the more amusing because the plants enumerated have a claim to be in the list.

It is not by such methods of approaching truth that Defoe gave the wonderful air of verisimilitude to his *Robinson Crusoe* which has made that work a masterpiece of fiction. He knew what a plain Englishman would be likely to do and say under the circumstances. M. Saintine only knows the emotions which a recital of the circumstances would awaken in a Frenchman. He blames Defoe because he makes his hero (whom M. Saintine oddly calls *le Robinson de Daniel*) lead a different life from what Selkirk did, although the adventures of Selkirk undoubtedly furnished the groundwork of Defoe's fiction. He says that "Man Friday" spoils the whole conception of utter loneliness which is the striking point in Selkirk's history. It would not be difficult to discover reasons why Defoe gave his story the turn which he did; but what is much more important is the fact that Defoe thought the story required a very considerable reconstruction, so as to distinguish it clearly from Selkirk's history. Intending to write a fiction, he avoided mixing up fiction and fact. We must say that this seems to us far preferable to writing a biographical romance. Although Selkirk had the advantage of actually existing, he appears to the reader of M. Saintine's volume

a much less real person than Robinson Crusoe. It is certain that Selkirk felt in some shape the terrors of solitude; but the shape in which we have them here presented is that which they wear to M. Saintine. Directly the limits of fact are passed, there is no guide to truth except the imagination; and in force of imagination M. Saintine is, we think, deficient.

CUI BONO?

SINCE it is the practice of the day to make the titles of books into *armoiries parlantes*, Lord William Lennox would, we think, have done well if he had made such an addition to his novel as would have justified him in entitling it "The Story of My Life, and my reasons for writing it." As the book stands at present, the question which we have prefixed to our article is almost the only remark which it suggests, and we should certainly not have noticed it had it not been desirable to illustrate from time to time the character of that strange kind of literature which owes its whole existence to commercial considerations.

A novel, ideally considered, is a work of art—the embodiment in a fiction of some phase of society, some experience of life, some set of incidents remarkable for their interest, tragic or comic. But that any mortal man should make a novel out of a set of incidents not only perfectly trivial, but decidedly—though not picturesquely—discreditable, is a fact which gives us the measure of the tyranny which the lower kind of circulating libraries exercise over what we must, we suppose, call the minds of their customers. Having, in the conscientious discharge of our duty, read *The Story of My Life*, we will give our readers what a lawyer would call the "short facts" of it, adopting the first person, in which the author chooses to relate his hero's experiences. They will perhaps enable our readers to form an opinion as to the character of a kind of literature to which we hope they are strangers.

Vol. i. Chap. i.—"The year 1809 was one of unusual interest," and a good many things happened in it (pp. 1—12). There was a storm at Brighton on the 3rd June (p. 13). My mother, who was coming home from a cricket-match, was frightened by hearing the cries of a drowning man. I (Arthur Pembroke) was prematurely born in consequence (p. 15). I was a very fractious child (pp. 15—17), and my father was a Sussex country gentleman, who was good-natured, rich, and a hard drinker (pp. 17—30). Chap. ii.—I was a "mischievous imp." I put inky sponges in the boots of my father's visitors. I stole some sausages, and put them in the pocket of a bishop's great-coat. I was sent to school near London, with a quantity of cakes, apples, &c. My school-fellows and I ate them in bed. I sent my master a hamper-full of oyster shells. I stuck a fish-hook in the housekeeper's cap. When at a party, I changed the tickets in the cloak-room. I fought a boy called Edkins (pp. 31—67). Chap. iii.—My usher had a pretty daughter. I ran away from school, and went to the theatre in London twice. I was fetched back to my father's by the coachman. The usher was engaged as my private tutor (pp. 67—107). Chap. iv.—I fell in love with my tutor's daughter. The daughter was sent to town, to be out of the way. The servants gossiped in the housekeeper's room. The French cook and the butler were both in love with the housekeeper. The butler lost his place for writing anonymous letters. The French cook turned out to be a married man (pp. 107—164). Chap. v.—Some officers came to shoot with my father—one was a bad shot. "To describe the day's sport would require the graphic pen of Dickens or Thackeray"—so Lord William enlarges on it from p. 165 to p. 204. Chap. vi.—The officers gave a fancy ball, and I played some blackguard and stupid tricks there, especially my favourite one of changing the tickets in the cloak-room (pp. 205—242).

Let us, as preachers say, pause awhile, to reflect for a moment on the state of mind in which a person must be who supposes that any mortal man, woman, or child can be interested in knowing the details of what a very naughty, idle boy, whose tricks were neither new nor funny, did with himself during the early years of a very worthless existence. It must have taken a considerable time to fill 242 pages with such records. Even if they had been true, they would have been tiresome, discreditable, and foolish; but that any man should take the trouble to invent them—to evolve them, like Goethe's German, from the depths of his own moral consciousness—is not the less curious because it is not an uncommon way of proceeding.

To resume Mr. Pembroke's narrative in a more concise manner—he says, in effect, My father got me appointed a midshipman. When I ought to have joined my ship, I loitered about at Portsmouth fair till she sailed without me. Then I got a cornetcy in the Blues. I went up to London, idled about instead of joining my regiment, fell in with my tutor's daughter, who was apprenticed to a milliner, and privately married her. I joined my regiment at Windsor. I flirted with a young lady whom I met there, and by an improbable accident my wife conceived an unreasonable jealousy of me. She ran away with her father to Florence, and though somehow or other I afterwards learned where she was, I took no steps to find her, but loitered about London for some years, leading a very extravagant and utterly silly and contemptible life. Amongst other things, I tried very

* *The Story of My Life*. By Lord William Lennox. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1857.

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hard to seduce the young lady whom I knew at Windsor, and failed in that, though I did manage to gain her affections and break her heart. After her death, I thought I might as well be reconciled to my wife, so she came back to me. My father died—I came into his property, and we lived very happily ever after. In conclusion, "not a wish is left ungratified, except that of hoping that my readers will act a charitable part towards me, and find allowances for many defects in this the *Story of My Life*."

Why in the world should we do so? When a man either cannot or will not write a good book, what possible claim on the public does he establish by publishing a very bad one? A man may reasonably ask indulgence for his want of literary skill, if the substance of his book is worth reading; but if he has nothing to say, the least he can do is to say that nothing well. It is adding insult to injury to tread on a man's corns first, and then to ask him to excuse your dirty boots. Even if the style of this book were less slipshod and the story less clumsily contrived than it is, the moral objections to it would be very great. We have always protested against those narrow and false views of morality which would restrict novelists from ever showing the world as it is; but it is no less true, that a mere exhibition of vice and folly, illustrating no principles, proving nothing, conveying no kind of knowledge that can be valuable to any human creature, is not only useless, but immoral. The story of Arthur Pembroke's life is one of those foolish and insipid stories as to which one can only hope that they are not true, and forget them as soon as possible. Luckily, in this case neither the one nor the other is difficult. Like other indifferent novels, it teaches a moral pretty forcibly, though quite undesignedly. It is that, to find nonsense for idle eyes to read is only one form of the amiable occupation of finding mischief for idle hands to do.

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| 1825 | 382 14 0 | 103 14 0 | 1486 8 0 |
| 1830 | 211 12 0 | 93 2 0 | 1334 14 0 |
| 1835 | 185 3 0 | 88 17 0 | 1274 0 0 |
| 1840 | 128 15 0 | 84 13 0 | 1213 8 0 |
| 1845 | 65 15 0 | 79 18 0 | 1145 13 0 |
| 1850 | 10 0 0 | 75 15 0 | 1085 15 0 |
| 1855 | — | 15 0 0 | 1016 0 0 |

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